73

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DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE

A screenplay

by

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From the novel

by

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REVISED

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1 CU LUMPY PALE YELLOW BLANKET COVER

It is wrinkled and pulled over someone. We see that it has scalloped edges and a monogram TMB.

Faintly on the sound track since they are coming from another room, we hear the voices of two children talking playfully, laughing, and now and then the friendly bark of a dog.

Slowly the cover is pulled down. We see some tangled sandy hair and then one very large gray eye peers out at us. The eye gazes suspiciously around the room.

We pan with it and see that we are in a large, handsomely furnished bedroom. The draperies have been pulled open and early morning light is coming through the dusty windows.

Now both eyes are peering out from under the cover. There are frown lines between them.

TINA (VO)
Where am I? What am I doing here?

Suddenly we hear a cheery bellow from the bathroom.

JONATHAN
Good morning! Good morning!

The eyes look through the open door of the bathroom where a tall, slender, very fit man is shaving, a terry cloth shaving wrap is buttoned around his middle.

TINA (VO)
Who's he?

JONATHAN
(very cheery)
Well you certainly had a good
sleep! You were dead to the world
when the alarm clock rang!

TINA (VO)
There's a strange man in the
bathroom.

She lowers herself down back under the covers and pulls them over her head.

JONATHAN
(still cheery)
It's quarter to eight, Teen.
I've been up for fifteen minutes.

3 CONTD

No response from under the covers.

JONATHAN
(not so cheery)
Come on Teen, get up!

Still no response.

JONATHAN
(irritated)
For God's sake, Teen, snap to it!

Tina pulls the cofers down off her face.

TINA (VO)
Snap to it, get with it, re-
enter the Great World --

Slowly she sits up and looks wearily around.

TINA (VO)
All systems go!

4 She gets out of bed and drags herself over to a chest of drawers. She takes out some underthings.

She is a frail and strikingly attractive young woman of twenty-nine or thirty with straight sandy hair and a sensitive fragile face. There is something about her manner that is faintly off-center, an oblique kind of self-teasing parody of someone who is about to crack. Once in a while we wonder if it is for real -- if she is indeed about to crack.

5 Jonathan is about thirty-five and very good looking. He has an eager, alive, attractive face and dark hair. In contrast to Tina he is alert and energetic and "in the pink" of condition. Later, when he is dressed, his face seems to stay pink not only because of good circulation but because of his enormous satisfaction with himself, his growing income, his future as a partner in a Wall Street law firm. As he shaves he glances into the bedroom now and then to watch Tina.

6 Tina crosses back to the bed with her underthings. She sits down and pulls off her nightgown. As we will discover this family is recently back from a summer holiday. She has a light tan. We see bathing suit marks on her skin.

JOHNATHAN (VO)
(he scowls at her)
Used to have such a terrific figure
-- Skinny as a bloody broomstick!

6 CONTD

Tina is trying to fasten her bra behind her back. Every move she makes is heavy with lassitude.

JONATHAN (VO)
Exhausted. The minute she gets up. What the hell is the matter with her?

TINA (VO)
I don't know what is the matter with me. I think I'm Temporarily Out of Order.

She reaches for a pack of cigarettes on the night table and puts one in her mouth. She reaches for a match.

TINA (VO)
Maybe I've got something way out that hasn't been documented yet -- premonopausal agitation. A little preview of things to come.

She strikes a match and holds it to the tip of her cigarette. We notice the tremor of her hand.

JONATHAN
Teen, for God's sake! Do you realize what you are doing to your lungs?
(she nods)
To say nothing of your heart! Do you know what you are doing to your whole circulatory system?
(she nods again)
Haven't you any will power at all?
(she shakes her head and inhales deeply. Sharply:)
Put it out, Teen!

Tina puts the cigarette down and drags herself over to the bathroom.

7 BATHROOM

Large, well equipped, probably recently remodeled -- good looking soap dishes, faucets, magnifying mirror, large monogrammed towels, etc.

There are double wash basins set in a long counter. Tina crosses to hers and leans on it blinking at

7 CONTD

herself in the mirror. We see that her bra is incorrectly hooked. Jonathan is still shaving in front of his mirror.

TITLES BEGIN

8 As titles roll we observe these two people at the basins. Everything about the toilet articles and equipment around the basins illustrates the differences between them. Jonathan's equipment is the best, newest and shiniest. He has a water-pik as opposed to Tina's worn toothbrushes, he has several bottles of expensively packaged lotions, leather-backed hairbrushes, vitamin pills, etc., etc. Tina has a few ordinary looking drugstore type cosmetics, a sliver of soap, etc.

DURING TITLES

9 We observe their behavior as they perform the morning ablutions. Jonathan's are precise and perfectionist, obviously based on his vanity. He is taking extremely good care of himself and enjoying it as his due.

10 Tina's preparations for the day are slap-dash and without any particular care. She is mechanical about washing up and tooth-brushing as if it is simply a habit and her face doesn't belong to her anyway. Jonathan will examine a small blemish or a nick in a tooth with great care. Tina is unaware of anything about her own looks.

She finishes at the basin several moments before Jonathan, crosses back into the bedroom as

TITLES END

11 BEDROOM

Tina crosses to the closet. She opens it and takes a pair of much worn blue jeans off a hook. She puts them on. Jonathan's lips tighten as he observes this.

JONATHAN (VO)
Why the hell doesn't she get herself some good pants? Go to Jax, or to Bergdorf's. Why doesn't she go to a good tailor and have them cut right?

Tina is slipping into a shirt. The tails hang over the jeans. The armhole is ripped in back.

11 CONTD

JONATHAN (VO)
She goes out on the street like that. My wife. My wife is a reflection of me. Maybe she thinks people don't know who she is!

Tina is grubbing around on the floor of the closet searching for her sneakers.

TINA (VO)
I am Bettina Monroe Balser and I am a very, very lucky girl. I have a brilliant, successful husband and two bright, beautiful, adorable children and every material thing a young woman could want.

She has found one sneaker, slips it on and continues the search for the other.

TINA (VO)
My bedroom has a woodburning fireplace and two windows overlooking the beautiful natural panorama of Central Park --

12 BEDROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

We pan around the room showing its proportions and take a look out of the windows at the view.

TINA (OS)
Besides this bedroom I have seven more large airy high ceilinged rooms filled with objects to dazzle the eye --

As Tina speaks the following we make a quick series of cuts showing the room and the objects she mentions.

TINA (OS)
13 In the living room there are paintings and sculptures by young artists People Are Talking About and, my husband says bound to be good investments --

The camera finds a medium size abstract canvas almost hidden behind the folded back glass doors.

TINA (OS)
14 That one's by me. A kind of negative investment -- the small
(MORE)

14 CONTD

TINA (Contd) (OS)
fortune we paid a psychoanalyst to stop me from dabbling.

15 My husband is particularly fond of our coffee table which is made from an old cell door, said to be taken from Newdegate Prison. It is covered with a Careless Clutter which he personally weeds out and rearranges from time to time. At the moment, it is composed of a tiny Vermeil fish, a pre-Columbian gold bird with turquoise eyes, a massive Steuben glass ashtray, several thick Art books and copies of Realities, Financial World, Punch and the Paris Review.

16 Our hi-fi speakers are concealed in the draperies in the living room and in a Chinese chippendale cabinet in the den. Our records, Palestrina through Cage, are in a bookcase next to a Louis XVI Harlequin table.

17 In the dining room we have six Queen Anne chairs which we --

We hear the sudden sound of rushing water.

18 BEDROOM

Tina is tying her sneakers. The sound of rushing water is coming from the bathroom where Jonathan is in the shower. With a glance towards the bathroom Tina runs lightly across the room to the chest of drawers. She opens a drawer, lifts out a pile of nightgowns and picks up a small plastic bottle. She unscrews the top. At the bottom of the bottle are two small round white pills. She pours one of the pills into her hand. She is about to pop it into her mouth when she hesitates.

TINA (VO)
What about the dentist? What about the tea for first grade mothers at Bartlett School?

Reluctantly she replaces the pill and puts the bottle back in its hiding place. She shuts the drawer. On

18 CONTD

the chest are various family photographs, several of two little girls, a wedding picture of Tina and Jonathan, nine or ten years younger and both radiant. She stares at the wedding picture.

TINA (VO)
I loved him and he loved me and our love was true. That's really how it was, Sweet and True.
(her eyes moisten)
Sentiment. Thick gluey sentiment.

19 BEDROOM

Jonathan comes in from the bathroom, drying himself with a large towel.

JONATHAN
Hey Teen, where are the Q-tips?

TINA
Aren't they in the medicine cabinet?

JONATHAN
Box is empty.

TINA
I'll order some more today.

Jonathan looks at her. She is brushing her hair.

JONATHAN (VO)
Godawful the way her hair just hangs. Why doesn't she got to Kenneth or Elizabeth Arden or somewhere, for Pete's sake?

JONATHAN
(very patient)
Listen Teen, if you knew this was the last box of Q-tips why did you wait until they were used up to order some more?

TINA (VO)
The voice of capital P, Patience and capital F, Forebearance.

TINA
I'm sorry, I forgot.

20 Two little girls and a poodle have appeared in the bedroom. The poodle's name is Lulu. The girls are Sylvie seven and Liz six. They are dressed in school uniforms. Like their father they are pink and healthy. They have glossy sandy hair like their mother's.

SYLVIE
Mudther, can I have blue berry
Toastettes for breakfast?

LIZ
Can I have apple and cinammon
Toastettes for breakfast?

Tina sees there is a button missing from Sylvie's blouse. She picks up a safety pin.

TINA
I think we're all out of Toastettes --

SYLVIE
(disgusted)
Oh Mudther, I told you yesterday
to order Toastettes!

Tina is pinning Sylvie's blouse.

JONATHAN (VO)
Jesus, doesn't she ever sew a
button on anything? What does
she do with her time?

21 DINING ROOM

A large room furnished with good English pieces. In one corner are three steamer trunks still tagged and locked. Jonathan and the two girls are at the table eating breakfast. We can hear Tina moving around in the kitchen.

JONATHAN (VO)
(as he slices the top
off his egg)
Back from the country over two weeks
and she hasn't unpacked those bloody
trunks.

JONATHAN
(calling)
Hey Teen! Better call an Agency
and get a laundress over here so
you can unpack those trunks!

21 CONTD

He glares suspiciously at his egg.

JONATHAN (VO)
This is the softest four minute egg I ever saw!

JONATHAN
(calling)
Hey Teen, is this a four minute egg?

She doesn't answer. He stirs the egg unhappily.

JONATHAN (VO)
You'd think a girl who was smart enough to make Phi Beta Kappa at Smith would be smart enough to make a four minute egg!

As he eats he looks around the room with disapproval.

JONATHAN (VO)
Boy oh boy, look at those windows!
(his eye falls on the candelabra on the buffet)
Wonder when they were polished last!

JONATHAN
Teen! Is my bacon ready yet? It's twenty past eight!

22 Tina rushes in with a plate of bacon. She puts it down in front of Jonathan. Standing, she pours herself a cup of coffee. She lifts it and is about to drink.

JONATHAN
Any more toast, Teen?

She puts the coffee cup down and rushes in to the kitchen.

23 FOYER

Sylvie and Liz have put on navy blazers with their school crest on the pocket. Tina is wearing an old raincoat and is fastening the leash on the poddle's collar. Jonathan hurries in. He is carrying a Vuitton attache case.

23 CONTD

JONATHAN

That was Hoddison on the phone. We're flying to Wichita at noon. Will you please pack my bag for me, Teen? I'll send Miss Newby for it in about an hour --

24 ELEVATOR

Paneled. Mirrored. Operator is a man in his sixties with a lean shrewd face. As the family enters the contrast between the two shining little girls and their shining father on the one hand and the bedraggled Tina on the other is not lost on the operator. Tina is the only one who greets him.

The elevator starts down.

JONATHAN

-- better pack my gray glen plaid worsted from Sills, four pairs of gray lisle socks and since I'll be in court most of the time give me four pale blue shirts, two Oxford voile and two Sea Island cotton. I'll leave the ties up to you but keep the suit in mind. Don't forget my robe from Turnbull and Asser --

The elevator man stares straight ahead, all ears.

JONATHAN

-- and my black winged tip shoes, not the new pair, the ones I ordered last year from Peal's. Put everything in my tan cowhide two suiter -- the one from T. Anthony --

25 The elevator stops at the ground floor. As the family crosses the lobby the elevator man directs a smirk at Jonathan's back.

26 SIDEWALK

Jonathan spots a cab and signals it. He hastily kisses Tina and the girls. He runs to the curb and gets into the cab.

TINA (VO)

(watching him)

Who is that man in all those clothes?

(MORE)

26 CONTD

TINA (Contd) (VO)
Are you in there, Jonathan? If
you are come out! Please!
Come out, come out, wherever
you are!

27 As the cab moves away Jonathan leans forward. He gives them a grin, a wink and a jaunty wave.

28 Tina and the two girls stand waiting under the awning. The poodle strains at the leash.

LIZ
Lulu wants to be walked.

TINA
After your bus comes.

SYLVIE
We're not babies. You don't
have to put us on the bus.

TINA
I want to.

SYLVIE
(a perfect imitation
of her father)
What can happen to us at 8:30
on Central Park West, for God's
sake? Really, Mudther!

TINA
(a grim look at Sylvie)
Don't you Really Mudther me!

LIZ
(another imitation of
Jonathan)
Mudther, are you going to wear
those bloody jeans every morning?

TINA
(snapping at her)
What's wrong with them.

SYLVIE
They're too tight across your
bottom. Nobody else's Mudther
wears jeans --

28 CONTD

LIZ
Coco's nanny wears a blue cape --

SYLVIE
Coco doesn't go to school on the bus. Coco goes to school in a Rolls.

Tina glares at her.

TINA (VO)
Like to slap her. Like to slap them both!
(her voice filled with self reproach)
My God, what am I saying? I'm an Unnatural Mother! I don't deserve to be the mother of two bright, beautiful, adorable children!

29 At this moment a sleek bus marked Bartlett School pulls up at the curb. Several little girls peer appraisingly through the windows at Tina. Liz and Sylvie climb in. As the bus drives off they grin, wink and wave in exact imitation of Jonathan.

30 STREET

Tina crosses the street with Lulu. As she approaches the entrance to the park she passes a bench on which is sprawled a filthy, ragged, gray-haired man, his mouth is open drooling spittle, his face is a toxic blue.

TINA (VO)
Christ!
(almost past the bench she comes to an abrupt halt)
You are rotten and heartless. -- Rather let someone die than get involved --
(she backs up and bends gingerly over the man)
Is he dead? Has he had a stroke? What shall I do?

At this moment the man rolls over and a half empty whiskey bottle crashes to the sidewalk. The man opens his eyes and leers at Tina.

31 CENTRAL PARK

Tina crosses the street with Lulu and enters the park -- deserted at this hour. Lulu tugs her along for several yards. When the poodle begins to sniff at a grassy place Tina unfastens her leash.

While she is waiting Tina glances idly around. Suddenly she gasps. A huge rat with a grizzled evil face and a long obscene pink tail slithers across the path in front of her. It stops, gives her a look of total hatred and disappears into the bushes.

32 When Tina looks around Lulu has disappeared. She hurries deeper into the park calling the dog. She rounds a bend in the path and jolts to a stop. Blocking her way is a young man. He is squatting with his arm around Lulu who is licking his face in complete trust.

The young man has a lot of thick greasy matted hair and a coarse face. He is wearing tight black levis and a dirty T shirt. He stands up, thrusts his hands in his pockets and spreads his legs so that he is astride the path. There is a crazy glitter in his eyes as he looks at Tina.

Tina stands paralyzed in front of him.

TINA (VO)
What does he want?

She takes a tentative step to one side as if to pass him. The young man moves to block her way.

TINA (VO)
Whatever he wants, I'm in for it.

She takes a step to the other side. He moves blocking her again.

TINA (VO)
(terrified)
"WIFE OF BRILLIANT SUCCESSFUL
WALL STREET LAWYER RAPED IN PARK."

33 Suddenly something behind her catches the young man's attention. She hears footsteps and turns. A well-dressed man is coming along the path with two Weimaraners on a leash. The Weimaraners begin to bark. Lulu dashes up to them. The young man turns and races away down the path.

34 PANTRY

Tina is pouring herself a half glass full of Vodka.

35 BEDROOM

Tina holds the Vodka in one hand. With the other she is dragging Jonathan's cowhide two suiter out of the closet. She swings it up on the bed. She takes a gulp of Vodka. She crosses to the closet again and comes out with his robe. She takes another gulp of Vodka. The phone rings.

36 JONATHAN'S OFFICE

Obviously a lawyer's office and very handsomely done.

JONATHAN
(into phone)
Tina! I've been trying to reach you for half an hour! Where the hell have you been?

37 BEDROOM

TINA
(into the phone)
Walking Lulu. I had sort of a bad experience --

Continue to intercut between Jonathan and Tina during the phone conversation.

36A JONATHAN
Listen I've changed my mind about the gray suit --

37A TINA
Jonathan, do you think you could walk Lulu in the mornings before you leave?

36A JONATHAN
For God's sake, I haven't got time to discuss the bloody dog with you now. I want you to pack a different suit, you know, my navy pin stripe featherweight dacron and worsted --

37A TINA
It's not back from the cleaner's --
(her voice breaks)
I said your navy pin-stripe-dacron-and-worsted is not back from the cleaner's --

36A JONATHAN

What's the matter with you? You sound funny.

37A TINA

No wonder, since I've just been practically raped --

36A JONATHAN

Raped?

(he draws in his breath)

Are you serious?

37A TINA

Assaulted, whatever they call it -- right across the street in the park.

36A JONATHAN

Tina, listen to me. Did anyone -- uh -- touch you?

37A TINA

Someone was getting ready to touch me --

A pause.

36A JONATHAN

Tina, I'm worried about you. You haven't been yourself lately. I want you to go see Dr. Simon and have a check-up. Maybe you're run down. Maybe you need shots --

(suddenly)

Listen, maybe you ought to go back to Dr. Lindstrom.

37A TINA

Dr. Lindstrom!

38 CU DR. LINDSTROM'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

It almost fills the frame as seen from the POV of Tina who is lying on a couch arching her neck to look back at the doctor who is sitting behind her. Even seeing him upside down we can tell that he has a pudgy unctuous face, is almost bald, is about forty-five.

DR. LINDSTROM

-- way you were brought up. No frustrations. Daddy always there

(MORE)

38 CONTD

DR. LINDSTROM (Contd)
to give his little princess anything her heart desired. Now you have a husband and children. Now you are no longer Daddy's Girl --

39 LAW OFFICE

JONATHAN
He straightened you out a few years ago.

40 BEDROOM

TINA
What the hell makes you think I need straightening out?

39A LAW OFFICE

JONATHAN
Okay, okay, don't get excited. That's just what I mean! You're touchy as hell!

He hangs up and sighs deeply.

40A BEDROOM

Tina leans back against the pillows and takes another gulp of Vodka.

41 CU CRUMPLED EMPTY Q-TIP BOX

42 CU SOAP DISH WITH A SLIVER OF SOAP

43 CU EMPTY CARDBOARD TOILET PAPER ROLL

44 CU EMPTY PAINTED METAL KLEENEX BOX

45 CU SHOWER STALL WITH TORN CURTAIN

46 CU STREAKED DIRTY WINDOWS

47 CU SPOTS ON RUG

48 CU TOASTETTES BOX IN KITCHEN WASTE BOX

49 CU CLUB CHAIR WITH BROKEN LEG PROPPED UP WITH CIGAR BOX

50 CU MAN'S SHIRT WITH NO BUTTONS

51 CU GIRL'S KNEE SOCKS WITH HOLES IN TOE

52 CU WOMAN'S SHOES WITH HEELS RUN DOWN

53 CU SWEATER WITH SEVERAL MOTH HOLES

54 CU DRAWER FULL OF TARNISHED SILVERWARE

55 CU ROW OF CRACKED CUPS HANGING FROM HOOKS IN CUPBOARD

56 CU PILE OF PLATES, ALL EDGES CHIPPED

57 CU TOASTER WITH BADLY FRAYED CORD

58 CU IRON WITH BROKEN PLUG

59 CU MESSY CUPBOARD OF GROCERIES, A COCKROACH RUNNING ALONG THE SHELF

60 CU DEAD PLANT, LEAVES DUSTY

61 CU THREE OPEN STEAMER TRUNKS BULGING WITH DIRTY LAUNDRY

62 KITCHEN

A large room which has been remodeled. New equipment except for the stove. Table and chairs at one side, washing and drying machines at the other. From the kitchen we can see into the long narrow pantry, one wall of which is lined with wine racks, most of them full.

Piles of laundry assorted according to color and type cover almost the entire floor. Tina in blue jeans and a different shirt (it is a different day) is checking through the piles. The back doorbell rings. Lulu barks. Tina crosses and opens the door.

63 KITCHEN - ANOTHER ANGLE

An angular and very dark negress enters. She is dressed in a black coat and hat and carrying a huge battered shopping bag.

NEGRESS
(in a sing song Jamaican voice)
How do, Missus. I am, Vera, the laundress.

She smiles radiantly.

TINA
How do you do Vera, I am Mrs. Balser.
(MORE)

63 CONTD

TINA (Contd)
(with a significant look
at the wall clock)
The Agency told me you'd be here
at nine sharp.

VERA
I live way up in the Bronx, Missus.
I can't get nowhere by nine o'clock.

TINA
(another glance at
the clock)
But it's past ten thirty --

VERA
I got a sick husband, Missus.
I got my house to clean and my
clothes to wash and my kids to
feed. I got all that to do
before I come here to wash your
clothes.
(she glowers at the
piles on the floor)
Missus, you expect me to get
through all that today?

TINA
(quickly)
Well, it really isn't as much
as it looks. That pile near
the door is going to the cleaner's.
I thought I'd put everytbing out
and let you do as much as you
could --

Vera grunts.

TINA
(indicating a room
next to the kitchen)
You can put your things in
there, Vera.

Vera crosses into the lavatory off the kitchen and closes the door hard. Tina nervously roots around in the piles of laundry, tossing a few blankets onto the cleaner's pile and in general trying to make the load for the laundress look smaller.

64 OFFICE CEILING

It fills the entire frame. It is the ceiling of a small square room, an ordinary frosted light fixture in its center. We are seeing it from Tina's POV as she lies on a couch staring upwards. Along one edge tops of draperies are visible. Along the opposite edge tops of books on a bookshelf. During the following (and in later duplicate scenes) we examine various sections of the ceiling from Tina's POV as her eyes move from moulding to fixture to books.

We hear the voice of a man speaking. It is the voice of Dr. Lindstrom, very masculine, firm, authoritative.

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
-- you are a young woman with extremely powerful feminine drives, yet you seem to be unable to fulfill yourself in the role of a homemaker --

65 CU DR. LINDSTROM'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

TINA (OS)
Why the hell should I fulfill myself as a homemaker?

DR. LINDSTROM
You are a wife, aren't you? You are a mother, aren't you? Why can't you face up to that fact and accept it, Bettina?

66 KITCHEN

Vera reappears in a printed cotton housedress and a scarf tied around her head. She is still carrying her shopping bag.

VERA
(another dazzling smile)
Can I have a cup of coffee, Missus?

Tina gives the clock a significant look.

TINA (VO)
Say "No" in a clear firm voice.

The expression on Vera's face cows her.

TINA
Of course you can have a cup of coffee.

66 CONTD

VERA
Can I have a bun, Missus? I
didn't have time for breakfast
this day.

She sits down at the kitchen table, takes a pack of cigarettes out of her pocket and lights one. Tina hurries about pouring coffee and getting out a roll and butter.

TINA (VO)
Now don't get excited, you can
explain about the laundry while
she's eating.

Tina puts the food in front of Vera.

TINA
While you're eating, I'll explain
about the laundry --

Vera sighs and blows out a long plume of cigarette smoke.

TINA
(pointing)
That pile there -- can go into
the machine but they have to be
done in lukewarm water so the
colors won't run --

VERA
(another sigh)
I know, Missus.

TINA
My husband's tennis shirts are
to be rinsed out by hand.

VERA
By hand?

TINA
(showing her the shirts)
They stretch very easily. I
never put them in the machine --

VERA
(sniffs)
No wonder they got all those
spots.

66 CONTD

Tina holds up two very fragile little girls dresses.

TINA
I'd like these done by hand too.
As you can see, they're very
delicate.

VERA
(her mouth full)
What you people got a machine
for?

TINA
Well, there's plenty for the
machine to do -- as you can see.

VERA
Oh yes, Missus. I can see that.

She flashes Tina a radiant smile.

TINA
These are all blue jeans.
You don't have to iron them.
Just fold them when they're dry.

Another plume of smoke from Vera.

TINA
(opens a closet)
We keep the ironing board and
iron in here.
(she edges towards
the pantry)
If there's anything you can't
find, please call me --

Tina flees through the swinging door. Vera takes a leisurely sip of coffee.

67 MEDICAL DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Dr. Max Simon, a rotund, fatherly man of sixty, is on the phone. He is wearing a white hospital coat over his suit.

DR. SIMON
(into phone)
-- I meant what I said yesterday,
Bettina. I am not going to do it.
No tranquilizers, no sleeping pills
-- I don't believe in any of that
(MORE)

67 CONTD

DR. SIMON (Contd)
stuff. Besides, you're too young to need it. All you need is some old-fashioned exercise. Get out and walk twenty or thirty blocks a day. Join a Y and swim fifteen laps twice a week. Take up horseback riding or play tennis at the Armory. Or just stay home and get down on your knees and scrub some floors. You'll see how quickly those "nerves" of yours will disappear --

During the last few words we hear the strident insistent sound of a doorbell.

68 KITCHEN

The back doorbell is ringing without let up as if someone is leaning on it. Lulu is barking hysterically. When Tina bursts into the room, Vera is stuffing clothes into the machine.

VERA
(calmly)
I never opens other people's doors.

69 Tina dashes across the room to open the back door. A surly-looking young man, holding a couple of pails, is standing on the back landing.

YOUNG MAN
Consolidated Home Service.

TINA
Oh yes, please come in.
(she steps aside as he enters)
Are you going to do the windows first or the floors first?

YOUNG MAN
I don't do floors.

Without changing his surly expression he strides across the kitchen in grubby high-laced boots trampling on shirts, sweaters, blankets, etc. He bangs his pails into the kitchen sink and turns the water on full force.

TINA
(over the racket)
Oh I thought -- I did ask to have a man do the floors today.

69 CONTD

YOUNG MAN
They got another man for that.

TINA
Is he coming, do you know?

YOUNG MAN
(rude)
Whatever the office told you.
How would I know what they told
you?
(he lifts the pail out
of the sink)
Where's the step ladder?

Tina gets a spindley step stool out of the closet for him.

YOUNG MAN
That ain't strong enough to
hold me.

TINA
I -- I thought you'd bring your
own equipment --

YOUNG MAN
You want me to bring a ladder
lady, you got to request a ladder.

TINA
Oh dear --

The young man snatches the step stool.

YOUNG MAN
I fall off this thing -- you
got a law suit on your hands --

With the water slopping over the sides of his pail, the young man tramples back across the piles of laundry and through the pantry door. As he does so we hear another door bell ringing urgently.

70 FOYER

The front doorbell is ringing. Lulu is barking. Tina rushes in. She opens the door to find the custodian and his helper in grimey overalls, carrying some greasy looking tools. The custodian is a sixtyish Irishman named Kelly.

70 CONTD

MR. KELLY
Sorry Miz Balser, the Pozner's downstairs got a terrible leak in their ceiling. We gotta check the shower stall in your bathroom --

At this moment the elevator opens and a delivery man emerges, several pairs of curtains encased in cellophane over his arm.

DELIVERY MAN
Balser?

MR. KELLY
(angrily to delivery man)
You got no business in that elevator. You're supposed to take the service elevator!

DELIVERY MAN
Buzz off!

MR. KELLY
Who the hell you tellin' to buzz off?

DELIVERY MAN
(pointing to Tina)
I'm not tellin' her to buzz off.

MR. KELLY
So who are you tellin' to buzz off?

DELIVERY MAN
You. That's who I'm tellin' to buzz off.

MR. KELLY
(setting down his tools)
All right, stupid jug-head, I don't have to take that kind of talk!
(he is ready to fight)

TINA
Mr. Kelly! Mr. Kelly!

DELIVERY MAN
Who you callin' a stupid jug-head?
(he drops the curtains to the hall floor)

70 CONTD

TINA
Mr. Kelly please -- the leak!
You've got to check the leak --

Kelly picks up his tools.

MR. KELLY
(to delivery man)
I ever catch you in the front
elevator you'll go home in a
cellophane bag!

With his helper who has stood by gaping during the whole thing he goes into the Balser's apartment and disappears. The delivery man picks up the curtains and thrusts them in Tina's arms. She staggers under the load.

71

TINA
You're coming in to hang them,
aren't you?

DELIVERY MAN
I don't have no order for hangin'.

TINA
I definitely asked to have them
hung --

DELIVERY MAN
I can't hang them without no order.
There's an extra charge for hangin' --

TINA
(desperately)
I know. It's all arranged. You
can call your office and check if
you want to.

DELIVERY MAN
Lady I got my deliveries to make.
I don't have no time for hangin'.

TINA
I'll be glad to pay you.

DELIVERY MAN
Lady, I hang for you -- I lose
my lunch hour.

TINA
(timid)
Five dollars?

71 CONTD

He stares at her without answering.

TINA
Ten dollars?

DELIVERY MAN
(with a groan)
Show me the windows, lady.

Barely able to carry the load of curtains she leads him towards the living room.

72 KITCHEN

Tina comes in. The washing machine is making a loud threshing noise. Vera is at the sink rubbing the tennis shirts on a scrub board ...

TINA
(very polite)
Vera, I have a favor to ask --

Vera stops her rub-adubbing and flashes Tina her radiant smile.

VERA
Yes Missus?

TINA
I'd rather you didn't use that
board for those shirts.

VERA
Rubbing's the only way to get at
the spots, Missus.

TINA
My husband's very fussy. He'll
be very upset if those shirts
are stretched.

VERA
He very fussy, he don't want
no spots. I know my business,
Missus --

She resumes her rubbing as a torrential roar from the washing machine drowns out any possibility of further conversation. The back doorbell rings. Lulu barks. Tina crosses to answer it ...

73 A very old man is standing at the door. Wisps of longish white hair ring his bald scalp. He's dressed in a white shirt and pants and holding the handle of a floor waxer as if it is a staff to support him.

TINA (VO)
Father Time!

OLD MAN
Floor waxer.

TINA
Oh yes, do come in --
(he does so)
I'll show you where to start --

She starts across the kitchen but when she notices his feeble, halting gait she takes his arm and helps him along.

74 MASTER BATHROOM

Tina looks in to find that the custodian and his helper have spread their tools out all over the floor and are banging loudly on the shower tiles. They have already removed a number of tiles which lie broken and crumbled on the bathroom rug.

75 HALL

The rug has been rolled up and the elderly man is waxing the floor. The waxer emits a high ear-splitting whine. Wearing a raincoat over her blue jeans and shirt Tina edges along through the hall. The old man gives her a toothless grin.

76 KITCHEN

Vera is sitting at the table reading a newspaper. In front of her is an empty soup bowl, a thermos, and part of a chocolate eclair. The floor is still covered with piles of laundry.

TINA
I'm going out for a little while, Vera.

VERA
Okay.

TINA
(indicating the eclair)
My, that looks good!

76 CONTD

VERA
I always brings my own lunch.
You should see what peoples gives
dayworkers to eat.

She lights a cigarette. Obviously she has no intention of hurrying back to work.

TINA
(timid)
Vera, do you think you'll get to
run a second load today?

VERA
I do that Missus, I never leave
here till eight o'clock.

TINA
Oh dear, I'm sorry to hear that.
I mean the last laundress we
had managed to do two loads by
five o'clock.

VERA
(balefully)
What you think I am, Missus?
An animal? A pack-mule. A
goddamn slave?

TINA (VO)
How dare she talk to me like that?

TINA
How dare you talk to me like that?

VERA
I never worked for a lady before
keeps hanging around and snooping
like you. You been spying on me
ever since I came into this house.

TINA
I think you'd better go right now.

Savagely Vera screws the top onto her thermos and throws it in her shopping bag.

VERA
You has to pay the agency!

TINA
I'll pay what I owe.

76 CONTD

VERA
You has to give me my carfare.
Two dollars.

Tina takes the money out of her handbag and gives it to Vera.

VERA
You people think we are cattle.
You think you can treat us any
way you want. You just wait,
Missus, one day they come a
reckoning and you will see!

She crosses to the lavatory and slams the door.

77 INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Tina is climbing the large center stairway to the galleries on the second floor.The museum is cool and quiet. Very few people around.

78 SECOND FLOOR GALLERIES

Tina wanders slowly about, stopping to examine several paintings, a Rembrandt, a Vermeer, a Renoir, etc. From her expression of pleasure we are aware that these are old favorites of hers.

79 ANOTHER GALLERY

Tina is standing in front of an abstract painting.

80 THE OFFICE CEILING

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
(kindly)
-- those little dibs and daubs of
paint all over your canvases --
do they remind you of anything,
Bettina?
(pause. No answer)
Let me give you a clue. All
little children play with their
feces --

TINA (OS)
(putting him on)
You wouldn't kid me, would you,
doctor?

80 CONTD

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
Now let us consider those penis-like shapes that occur on each of your canvases --

81 CU DR. LINDSTROM'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

TINA (OS)
(furious)
Feces! Penis-like shapes! I'm damned sick and tired of having everything reduced to the bathroom or sex!

DR. LINDSTROM
Your paintings have already expressed your anger. Now it's our job to uncover the source of your anger. We must eliminate the need for such elaborate sublimations --

82 THE OFFICE CEILING

TINA (OS)
(a wail)
I don't *want* to eliminate the need! I *want* to be a *painter*!

83 SMOKING ROOM AT END OF GALLERY

Two plastic-covered couches placed at right angles to each other. A woman with clipped white hair sits in the center of one writing busily in a spiral notebook. A small balding man sits in the center of the other. His head is bent, his eyes blinking behind heavy glasses. He seems to be fighting off sleep.

Tina is standing at the window, smoking. Below the window is a parking lot and beyond that we can see the park.

The white-haired woman gets up and leaves. Tina crosses to an urn to put out her cigarette. She buries the smouldering tip in the sand and glances idly at the small balding man. His head is thrown back now, his eyes are wide open, his hands plunged into his jacket pockets pulling the jacket about him as if he were cold. Something jarring about him makes Tina take another look.The man's eyes are glittering at her through his thick glasses, his mouth is curved in an odd smile. Tina's eyes drop to something framed between the flaps of his jacket.

83 CONTD

She looks for a long moment. Suddenly she bursts out laughing -- full, hearty, loud laughter.

TINA (VO)
It fits! It makes sense! It could only happen to me -- Rembrandt, Vermeer and Uncle Pee Pee!

The man slumps down, cringing, terrified. Clearly he has counted on an entirely different reaction for his kicks.

As she walks past him Tina graciously inclines her head like a dowager at a tea party.

TINA
Congratulations!

84 PANTRY - EVENING

Tina is standing at the counter taking cartons of Chinese food out of a large brown paper bag. She opens a couple and inhales the aroma with pleasure. She turns one upside down over a plate and several fortune cookies tumble out.

Jonathan appears in the doorway. He looks disheveled and haggard. Tina's back is to him.

JONATHAN
(grim)
Hi.

TINA
(startled)
Jonathan! You're back!
(kisses him on the cheek)
I didn't hear you come in!

JONATHAN
Get me some ice right away.

TINA
What's wrong? Has something happened?

JONATHAN
My plane almost crashed. That's what happened. Hurry up with the ice, will you please?

85 He takes a bottle of bourbon out of the cupboard.

JONATHAN

Trouble with the landing gear. We circled Kennedy for an hour. Finally the pilot decided to "try it". That's what he told us on the intercom -- he'd "*try* it".

(he pours himself a drink)

TINA

You poor darling!

JONATHAN

The whole emergency squad was waiting for us. Foam trucks! *Ambulances!*

(takes a long drink and peers into one of the cartons)

You know I *hate* crummy Chinese food!

TINA

I didn't expect you back till tomorrow --

JONATHAN

Let the girls eat it. I want to go out.

TINA

(dismayed)

I'll fix you a hamburger.

JONATHAN

I don't want a bloody hamburger. I want a good dinner out with some friends. Let's get somebody to go to Elaine's with us.

TINA

It's after six. Everyone's probably tied up by now.

JONATHAN

I'm going to take a shower. Line up a sitter and call the Willards. If they're busy call the Barrs. Get *somebody*!

He leaves.

86 Tina eyes the Chinese food with disappointment. She picks up a fortune cookie and crumbles it open. She extracts the small piece of paper inside.

TINA
(reading aloud)
"He who steals an egg will steal a camel." Oh come on, Doctor Lao-tse, you can do better than that!

She reaches for another cookie, opens it and reads aloud.

TINA
"Kiss the hand which thou canst not bite."

Tina looks thoughtful. She reaches for the phone and dials.

TINA
(into phone)
Mrs. Willard, please.

87 WILLARD'S BEDROOM

Sally Willard picks up the phone. Her hair and make up are freshly done. She is zipping up her dress with the other hand.

SALLY
-- oh Tina, what a shame! We'd just love to join you but I have these perfectly awful curse cramps! I can hardly move! I'm going to spend the evening in bed eating aspirin and watching TV --

88 BARR'S BEDROOM

Peter Barr picks up the phone. He has just put on a clean shirt and is holding his tie.

PETER
-- Gee, Tina, Joanie's in the tub. We're getting ready to go out for dinner with the Willards. Why don't you two join us? -- No, you won't ... you won't be intruding at all ... okay, let's get together soon --

89 CU SMALL TABLE TOP

It is covered with a snowy tablecloth. Basket of Italian breadsticks, etc. on the table. Jonathan's hand is around a Martini, the finger of his other hand drums the table top with irregular nervous taps. Another Martini near Tina's hands which are methodically crumbling a breadstick into little pieces.

We draw back to find we are in Elaine's Restaurant. It is a small uptown bistro, very fashionable, a hang-out for writers, film people, socialites, etc. Tina and Jonathan are seated at a small table in the front opposite the bar. The cuisine is Italian. Elaine, herself, a very large woman, is at the end of the bar, checking bills. When her regulars come in they embrace her or kiss her. We can hear them greeting her by name. She is all smiles and talk with the people she knows.

90 Jonathan keeps peering over towards her trying to get her eye. Finally he does and throws her a big kiss. Not recognizing him she gives him a stoney glare.

JONATHAN
(depressed)
Well, what's new? Anybody call while I was gone?

TINA (VO)
Okay, Jonathan, here comes rapture!

TINA
Charlotte Rady called.

JONATHAN
(rapturously)
Charlotte Rady! Well! Why didn't you say so?

TINA
She's giving a party for Joe Nimlo when his show opens at the gallery.

JONATHAN
Boy!
(then thoughtfully)
Why do you suppose she invited us now? I mean we met her over a year ago. What suddenly made her decide we are -- uh, eligible?

TINA (VO)
Eligible?

JONATHAN

Maybe it's because she saw us at Joe's the other night. It sure makes sense to go to the right places --

The waiter, an Italian, has come up to take the order.

JONATHAN

(to the waiter)

Is the lamb saignant tonight?

WAITER

Scusi?

JONATHAN

Saignant. The way the French fix it.

WAITER

(grins)

The lamb is poco cotto, the way the Italians fix it.

TINA

(to Jonathan)

Rare.

(to the waiter)

I'll have it too, please.

JONATHAN

(to the waiter)

I'd like to see the wine list.

WAITER

No list. I bring you a bottle of Barol.

JONATHAN

(superior)

I happen to want a lambrusco.

WAITER

No lambrusco. Barol.

JONATHAN

Then be sure to make it a 61.

WAITER

61 very very bad year. I bring you 64.

As he leaves Jonathan glares after him.

91
JONATHAN
(under his breath)
Fresh bastard!
(to Tina)
Well one thing is clear, we've got to give a big party.

TINA (VO)
Why is that clear?

TINA
How big a party do you have in mind?

JONATHAN
Oh about a hundred people. Sort of a cocktail buffet. Those crummy little dinners we used to have don't mean a thing. We're way beyond that now --

92 CU DR. LINDSTROM'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

DR. LINDSTROM
-- marriages start to fall apart when the husband has grown and changed but the wife hasn't grown and changed enough to keep up with him --

93 ELAINE'S

TINA
Will you please order me another drink, Jonathan?

Jonathan signals the waiter for two more.

JONATHAN
I'm going to get Beaumont to do the party -- the man the Willards and the Barrs use.

TINA
But he's so -- well, pretentious --

JONATHAN
Pretentious? What the hell does that mean?

TINA
Just what the dictionary says.

93 CONTD

JONATHAN
(giving her a look)
Don't start worrying about it now. Beamont's booked months ahead. I probably won't be able to get him till Christmastime. Do you think you can have the silver polished by Christmastime, Teen?

94 THE OFFICE CEILING

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
-- he sounds like a completely normal forceful man.

95 Suddenly we see the ceiling blurred as if through tears.

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
Why can't you accept the leadership of your husband without resentment?

96 RESTAURANT

Tina is weeping.

JONATHAN
Now what's the matter?

People at the next table stare at her.

JONATHAN
(horrified)
For God's sake, get hold of yourself! People are staring at you!

The waiter has come up with their drinks. As he puts Tina's down in front of her he whispers in her ear.

WAITER
Coraggio!

JONATHAN
(as he leaves)
What the hell did he say?

97 BEDROOM

Jonathan is propped up in bed reading a copy of Variety.

Tina comes out of the bathroom in her nightgown and climbs into her own bed. She moves with effort, weary, exhausted.

97 CONTD

TINA
(turns out her light)
Good night, Jonathan.

She turns her back to him and closes her eyes. Jonathan slips through a few pages of the paper and yawns noisily. He tosses the copy of Variety to the floor, props his head on his elbow and gazes at Tina's back. When he speaks it's in a voice we haven't heard before -- an especially ingratiating aw-shucks boyish voice he uses for moments like this one.

JONATHAN
Hey Teen, how about a little ole roll in the hay?

Tina's eyes snap open. She doesn't move.

98 THE OFFICE CEILING

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
-- some men are convinced that for the sake of their health they have to relieve themselves in sex a certain number of times a week --

99 CU DR. LINDSTROM'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

TINA (OS)
For their health?

DR. LINDSTROM
It's not an uncommon belief.

TINA (OS)
As if making love is sort of like a work-out in a gym?

100 BEDROOM

TINA
(gently)
Not tonight, Jonathan. I'm much too tired.

JONATHAN
(furious)
Christ! Is there anything you can do any more?

Tina doesn't answer. She stares at the wall beside her bed.

100 CONTD

JONATHAN

Don't worry. I'm not going to demand my rights as a husband and provider around here.

He turns out his light and plops his head down on the pillow. A pause.

JONATHAN

There is one thing I am going to demand. We're invited to Joe Nimlo's studio tomorrow night. I want you to pull yourself together. Do something about that godawful hair of yours!

101 CU HEAD OF HAIR FROM THE BACK
ON THE SOUND TRACK PARTY NOISES AND LOUD ROCK MUSIC

It is elaborately constructed in the manner of La Belle Epoque with dozens of little tendrils hanging down and a coiled bun on the top of the head.

The head turns and we see it belongs to Tina. She is glancing around, little darting glances of fright.

TINA

What if someone drops a lighted cigarette?

102 We draw back to find her with Jonathan. They are making their way through a noisy jam of rich hippie types.

TINA

This whole damn place is a firetrap!

JONATHAN

(impatient)

Firetrap? You must be mad!

103 We draw further back to discover the party is in a shabby loft, lots of exposed wood, dirty, torn window blinds, extremely scuffed up and worn walls and floors. The loft is used for living and working. It belongs to Joe Nimlo, a sculptor. Maybe he has not yet "made it" or maybe he likes to affect slum living.

As we shall discover later Joe Nimlo sculpts life-size "victims" -- victims of Vietnam, race riots, wars,

103 CONTD

Bowery bums, Biafran children, traffic victims, etc. A couple of examples of his work are in the loft but obscured by the crowd. There are charcoal studies for the figures on the walls. The furniture is minimal.

104 An insane kind of Rock group is playing at the back of the loft making an ear splitting racket that richochets off all four walls. Close to them is an improvised bar.

105 Tina and Jonathan press through the crowd shoulder to shoulder. Aside from a few startled looks at Tina's hair the construction of which has begun to fall apart, no one pays much attention to them.

JONATHAN (VO)
(with an irritated glance
at Tina)
Why does she have to hang on to me?
So bloody insecure!

TINA (VO)
If this crowd tried to get out
the whole staircase would collapse.

As they press through the crowd Jonathan makes a point of greeting several people, who may or may not know who he is.

106 A chic blond woman of fifty with a face lifted face and very good jewels is talking to a handsome man with thick silver hair and a permanently tanned face. He is extremely well dressed. He is standing with a tall thin young girl with a sulky mouth and what are known as "sultry" eyes. She is probably half his age. Jonathan taps the blond woman on the shoulder. She turns. It is clear she hasn't an idea who he is but she greets him profusely anyway and introduces him to the silver haired man and the sultry eyed girl. Jonathan doesn't bother to include Tina. We cannot hear the introductions because of the racket from the Rock Group.

107 LOFT - ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan and Tina finally reach the bar. Jonathan goes up to get their drinks. Tina pulls up a shade at a back window and looks out.

TINA (VO)
No fire escape!
(MORE)

107 CONTD

TINA (Contd) (VO)
(she looks back into the room, appalled. She turns and looks out of the window again)
Nope! No fire escape.

108 Jonathan returns with the drinks. He hands one to Tina. He indicates the silver-haired man.

JONATHAN
I'm going over to talk to Eliot Asher.

TINA
Who?

JONATHAN
The real estate developer. Over there with Charlotte Rady.

Tina makes a move as if to go with him.

JONATHAN
Don't hang on to me. Circulate!

He presses through the crowd.

109 LOFT - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is standing alone near the open front door of the loft. From what we can see of them the stairs are warped with dry looking bannisters.

TINA (VO)
If there's a fire I could be out of here in three seconds flat.

She sips her drink and pretends to be absorbed in studying the drawings on the wall near the door. Now and then another guest comes up the stairs and passes her.

She hears a cough and a man's voice saying " -- uh, excuse me."

110 Tina turns. A man is standing there, stocky, muscular, of medium height with strong ruggedly uneven features topped by coarse black hair. His eyes are a startling light grey beneath heavy dark brows. His name is George Prager. He is scowling at her.

GEORGE (VO)
Jesus Christ, that hair!

110 CONTD

GEORGE
I've noticed you've been hanging around this door all evening. Did you see a tall skinny blond with horn rims come in or go out?

TINA
(icy)
What makes you think I've been hanging around this door all evening?

GEORGE
Anyone else here with washerwoman hair?

Tina gives him a withering look.

GEORGE
Well? Did you see her? The tall skinny blond?

TINA
No.

GEORGE
The horn rims are green.

TINA
No.

GEORGE
Skinny as hell. About six foot. You couldn't miss her.

TINA
That's clear.

GEORGE
Did you see her?

TINA
No.

GEORGE
The lying cunt.
(he is about to walk away. He hesitates)
You're married to Whosis Balser, aren't you?

110 CONTD

TINA
His name is Jonathan.

GEORGE
How long have you been married
to old Jon-a-thing?

TINA
What's it to you?

GEORGE
How old are you? Twenty eight?
Twenty nine?

TINA
None of your damn business!

GEORGE
Easy, baby, easy. You're in
terrible shape.

TINA
Why are you cross examining me?

GEORGE
You interest me.

TINA
Why? Because I'm in such terrible
shape?

GEORGE
What's the matter with you couldn't
be clearer.
(he gives her a long
appraising look)
Too bad you're not my type.
You look like a laundress in drag.

111 He turns abruptly and walks away past Jonathan who is bustling up to them.

JONATHAN
(all smiles)
I see you were talking to George
Prager.

TINA
Who's George Prager?

JONATHAN
The writer. Didn't you recognize
him, for God's sake? What's he like?

111 CONTD

TINA
(quickly)
Charming, just fascinating.
Jonathan, I'd like to leave now,
I'm starved --

JONATHAN
Eliot Asher asked us to go to
La Cote Basque with him and his
-- uh, assistant, a girl named
Margo.

TINA
I only want a sandwich --

JONATHAN
You can get a sandwich at La
Cote Basque. You can get any
damn thing you want!

112 BEDROOM

Jonathan is in bed reading a thick tome on wines. Tina comes out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, her hair hanging straight down and dripping wet. She crosses to the closet to get her nightgown.

JONATHAN
That was a marvelous 1959 Chateau
Lafite Rothschild, Eliot ordered
wasn't it?

TINA
What?

JONATHAN
Did you notice how respectful the
wine steward was? Boy oh boy,
Eliot's a fantastic guy, don't
you think?
(an inarticulate sound
from Tina)
I thought Margo was very sweet
too. Do you suppose he's sleeping
with her?

113 Tina comes from the closet toweling her hair.

TINA
If he is, it's not a totally
satisfactory arrangement.

113 CONTD

JONATHAN
(turning a page, not
looking up)
What makes you say that?

TINA
I had to keep removing his
sweaty hand from my knee all
through dinner.

114 Jonathan looks up, interested.

JONATHAN
(suddenly)
What did you do to your hair?

TINA
Sixteen dollars worth of styling
and spray down the drain!

JONATHAN
(grinning)
All right. I'm perfectly willing
to admit I'm wrong when I'm wrong.
(boyish)
You sore at me?

TINA
(crosses to pick up
a brush)
Don't be silly, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
How long will it take to dry?

TINA
About half an hour. Why?

JONATHAN
I thought when it's dry we might
have a little ole roll in the hay.

115 GYMNASIUM

Jonathan, dressed in a track suit, is swinging from the rings. He swings back and forth, faster and faster, higher and higher. His face is red with exertion. He wears an expression of intense concentration.

116 DEN

The phone is ringing. Tina, wearing a coat and clearly

116 CONTD

about to go out comes in and answers it.

TINA
Hello.

117 ECU MAN'S MOUTH

The lips are slack and sloppy. The mouth is pressed close to the mouthpiece of the phone. They move in a particularly revolting way, although whatever they are saying is whispered and we are unable to hear the words.

118 TINA

She is listening, horrified. She bangs down the phone and frowns, staring into the distance. She sinks down into a chair.

119 HALLWAY, BALSER'S APARTMENT

Tina dressed as in the last scene is unlocking the door to the apartment. The girls are with her.

120 FOYER

They go in. The foyer is dark. Tina switches on a lamp. Lulu bounds to meet them, wriggling with joy.

SYLVIE
(holding her nose)
Something stinks!

LIZ
Look!

In the center of the rug is a mound of feces.

SYLVIE
You bloody well better clean that up before Daddy gets home!

121 KITCHEN

Tina has tied an apron around her waist. She is washing salad leaves and putting them into a french wire basket. As she does so she sips from a glass of Vodka on the sink drainer.

We hear sounds near the front part of the apartment of Jonathan entering, calling the girls, etc. Tina puts the Vodka in the cupboard and empties the glass in the sink.

122 Jonathan comes into the kitchen.

JONATHAN
Do you realize that rug will have to be sent out to the cleaner's all over again?

TINA
Good evening, Jonathan.

123 She swings the salad basket harder than necessary so that Jonathan has to back up to avoid the drops of water.

JONATHAN
Did you forget to walk that dog?

TINA
I forgot to leave a light. She's afraid of the dark.

JONATHAN
That dog is not a normal dog. That dog is neurotic. We ought to get rid of that dog.

124 He crosses to the wine racks in the pantry.

JONATHAN
What are we having for dinner?

TINA
Steak.

JONATHAN
This Clos de Vougeot ought to be very good with that.

125 He selects a bottle and crosses back into the kitchen. He peers at the steak Tina has put out on a wooden board

JONATHAN
This is a very nice sirloin.
(he lifts a corner of it)
Beautifully marbelized. In fact it's so nice I think I'll make a Caesar salad out of that romaine. Do you have all the fixings?
(Tina nods)
Anchovies and croutons?

TINA
Everything, Jonathan.

125 CONTD

She gets out the fixings. Jonathan takes off his jacket and hangs it on the back of a chair. From the broom closet he gets a blue and white striped butler's apron and puts it on. During the following he goes through all the steps of making a perfect Caesar salad as Tina prepares the rest of the dinner.

JONATHAN
Any calls?

TINA
Mr. Asher. He wants you to call him this evening.

JONATHAN
(pleased)
I think if I play my hand right he's going to let me in on a good thing. A very, very good thing!

TINA
What's that?

JONATHAN
He's getting a group of investors together to buy a Vineyard in France. How does that sound, Teen? We'd be right in it with the Rothschilds, wouldn't we? Of course we can't expect a high return on our capital right away but that's not the point.

TINA
What is the point?

JONATHAN
We want to maximize the quality of the wine. You know, like Jock Whitney with horses -- improve the breed.

TINA
Who's we?

JONATHAN
Well, one of the investors is Marty Morris, the film producer. That could be a very friendly dividend, Teen. A way for me to get into films.

125 CONTD

TINA
(astonished)
Films?

JONATHAN
I know I have a creative potential in that field with my visual imagination. With my instinct for scripts I could be a producer too.

TINA
A producer! You're a lawyer!

JONATHAN
I'll never be happy doing one thing. I have to express myself in many ways. That's the kind of man I am --

TINA
(an edge of sarcasm)
A Renaissance kind of man!

126 CU DR. LINDSTROM'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

DR. LINDSTROM
Watch it, Bettina!

127 KITCHEN

JONATHAN
Sometimes I wonder if I didn't take the wrong turning when I got out of Harvard. I mean instead of Law School maybe I should have gone to Paris and written a novel or maybe come down to New York and fooled around in the theatre. I shouldn't have blocked my creative potential, the way I did. I'm a very creative kind of person --

He stops tossing the salad and with a flourish presents the bowl to her. Tina stares blankly at the salad.

JONATHAN
(proudly)
Well? What do you think of that?

TINA
It's -- it's a creation!

128 CU DR. LINDSTROM'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

DR. LINDSTROM
(a warning)
Bettina!

129 BEDROOM

Tina is at the mirror combing her hair. She is wearing a simple low cut black dress. Sylvie, wearing pajamas, comes in.

SYLVIE
Mudther! You're not going to wear that dress, are you?

TINA
What's wrong with this dress?

SYLVIE
It shows all your booz.

TINA
My what?

SYLVIE
Booz. Boozums. You know.

TINA
The word for them is breasts. I've told you a hundred times to call things by their proper names.

SYLVIE
They're disgusting.

Tina is loading her evening purse.

TINA
What's disgusting?

SYLVIE
The names for things you want us to use! Vagina, for God's sake!

TINA
(sighs)
Do you think that "po-po" and "poo-poo" and "thing" and "down there" are nicer? You mustn't be ashamed of natural functions --

129 CONTD

SYLVIE
I suppose you think that's a
natural dress, cut so low your
breasts are hanging out!

Front doorbell rings.

TINA
That must be Mrs. Prinz --

SYLVIE
I can't stand Mrs. Prinz. She
smells like a wet dog!
(she runs out of the room)

130 DEN

Sylvie and Liz in pajamas and robes are sitting in front of the TV set watching a Western. With them is a lumpy lugubrious woman of 65. Herhair is brass colored and fancily teased. She wears a black crepe dress, pearl choker, large pearl earrings, clanking bracelets. Jonathan comes in. He is wearing a dinner jacket.

JONATHAN
Good night, girls.

The girls hold out their cheeks without removing their eyes from the screen. Jonathan kisses them.

MRS. PRINZ
You are a lucky man, Mr. Balser, two
little daughters so full of love, so
sweet, bless their hearts. I have
two sons. My sons, I never see. Not
a phone call even. Why can't my sons
make a phone call once a week? Maybe
they could spend a dime to find out
if they have a mother, living and
breathing -- with my emphysema yet
-- or dead in her grave. I don't sleep
nights thinking how cruel my sons --

JONATHAN
(interrupting)
They can stay up till the end of the
movie, Mrs. Prinz. After that,
lights out.

MRS. PRINZ
Oh Mr. Balser, before you go, please --

130 CONTD

Suddenly she pulls up her skirt almost to her crotch exposing a lumpy ace bandaged knee and several inches of mottled thigh laced with blue veins. Jonathan glares at the sight. The girls turn their heads from the TV screen to pay fascinated attention.

MRS. PRINZ
A miracle I didn't break a leg! The pain, Mr. Balser! I don't sleep nights from the pain! The doctor bills -- a poor widow like me should have doctor bills for a cracked pavement the city is too rotten to fix? What I want Mr. Balser is that you should be my lawyer and sue the city --

JONATHAN
(disgusted, backing away)
No, no, I don't handle personal injury cases --

MRS. PRINZ
(following him)
Last Tuesday in the broad daylight! On Amsterdam Avenue, right in front of Rachman's Stationery Store!

JONATHAN
You'll have to find someone else. Good night, girls.
(he leaves hastily)

MRS. PRINZ
(calling after him)
Make the city pay me, Mr. Balser! Fifty thousand dollars! For my pain, Mr. Balser!

131 EXTERIOR. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A remodeled limestone mansion done in the chicest contemporary way, snow white facade, stainless steel pillars at the entrance, elegant door, etc.

This is the newest, most fashionable and one of the richest galleries in New York. Inside and outside it is done in perfect taste and no sparing of expense.

People in formal clothes are entering, among them Jonathan and Tina.

132 INTERIOR. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Tina, Jonathan and the others leave their coats in a check room. They climb the graceful curving stairs to the main room of the gallery. Charlotte Rady is receiving at the top of the stairs.

Behind her we can see a crowd in formal clothes. Waiters with trays of drinks circulate among them.

Several pieces of Joe Nimlo sculpture are on display. Some of the "victims" are reclining on large pedestals. Most of them are writhing in their various hideous agonies on the floor. They make a stunning contrast to the guests who are laughing, talking, drinking, greeting each other, very few of them paying much attention to the exhibit.

Charlotte Rady is splendidly attired in a heavy brocade ballgown. She turns to Jonathan and Tina with a wide smile of greeting which suddenly fades. Her face goes blank. She squints desperately. There is an instant's awful pause.

TINA (VO)
No idea who we are.

CHARLOTTE
(deciding to make the
best of it)
How dear of you to come! How very
sweet and dear of you!
(she kisses them both)
Be good little lambs and get yourself
a drink. You know everyone here!

This is not exactly true. Tina and Jonathan looking about rather shyly move through the crowd.

133 GALLERY - ANOTHER ANGLE

JONATHAN
My God, did you ever see so many
names in one place?

TINA
Never.

JONATHAN
Isn't it marvelous that we've developed
such an exciting social life?

TINA
Marvelous.

133 CONTD

A passing waiter presents his tray. They take drinks.

JONATHAN
Hey, look who's ever there.
That's whathisname, who won the
Pulitzer prize!

He crosses rapidly through the crowd leaving Tina alone. She sips her drink and wanders among the guests. She passes Eliot Asher and Margo who have not spotted her.

134 GALLERY - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is looking at one of the most explicitly anguished sculptures. She appears about to be sick. She turns abruptly and crosses to the center of the crowd. She attaches herself to a group, none of whom acknowledge her presence. It is immediately clear they are discussing the hostess.

FIRST WOMAN
-- one of Manny Gordon's call girls.
Paid her off by putting her in
pictures --

SECOND WOMAN
I remember! The wicked blond in
white fox -- always had John
Garfield and Joel McCrae climbing
the walls in mad passion --

FIRST MAN
Still has a fantastic figure --

FIRST WOMAN
Hasn't put it to any use since
Rady died. All she digs are celebrities and drugs --

TINA
(to no one in particular)
Excuse me.
(she moves away)

135 ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is walking casually past a couple of people she does not know. As she passes she hears someone ask "Who's that?" and someone else answers, "Nobody. Balser's wife."

136 Suddenly she sees George Prager directly ahead of her. He is alone, scowling at one of the sculptures. Tina does a complete about-face and heads in the opposite direction.

137 GALLERY - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina comes up to Jonathan who is now standing with Eliot Asher and Margo. Jonathan scowls at her. Margo gives her a look of utter contempt. Tina does an about-face. She sees George Prager talking to a fat, pasty-faced man. She starts towards them.

138 GALLERY - ANOTHER ANGLE

George sees Tina bearing down on him. He knits his brows and continues his conversation.

TINA
(breezily)
Hi there!

George stares at her, his eyes blank. His gaze shifts to the low cut front of her dress.

TINA (VO)
My booz.

TINA
I'm Tina Balser. We met at Joe Nimlo's. You were looking for a tall skinny blond with green horn rims --

TINA (VO)
His hair needs cutting. His suit needs pressing.

GEORGE
(finally)
Mrs. -- uh -- Balser. Samuel Keefer.

TINA (VO)
(about Keefer)
Hairiest nostrils I've ever seen.

TINA
How do you do.

KEEFER
(through clenched teeth)
Hello.

TINA (VO)
Boil on his neck.

138 COntd

KEEFER
(practically turning his back on Tina)
-- so that's what I think you ought to do George, since you're the most ambitious prick I know.

GEORGE
But he and I have been friends a long time.

KEEFER
Screw friendship.

TINA (VO)
Charming pair.

TINA
(to no one in particular)
Excuse me.

She crosses to a sculpture and pretends to be examining it. Behind her, she hears the two men burst into laughter. She glares around at them for an instant.

TINA (VO)
Don't be paranoid. They're not laughing at you.

George has crossed to her.

139

GEORGE
(to her back)
We weren't laughing at you, you know --

TINA
(not turning)
I didn't think you were.

GEORGE
Oh yes you did. And in case you don't know it, that's pretty looney.

TINA
(over her shoulder)
Go to hell.

GEORGE
What's bugging you, baby?

Tina turns and tries to get past him but he grabs her wrist.

GEORGE
Stand still. Can't you relax?

TINA
Leave me alone.

GEORGE
I came over here to give you a compliment and you act as if I've insulted you.

TINA
Compliment?

GEORGE
I didn't recognize you before because you look like a totally different woman tonight --
(his eyes drop to the front of her dress)
And it's not just those gorgeous knockers of yours either --
(serious)
Tell me, does screwing appeal to you?

140 Across the gallery Tina sees Jonathan's gaze moving towards them. When he sees whom she is talking to he does a double-take, followed by an "atta-girl" smile. Tina bursts out laughing.

141
GEORGE
What's the matter? You drunk?

TINA
Just mad. Looney -- as you said.

She starts to move away. He blocks her.

GEORGE
Stand still, will you? I haven't finished.

TINA
I find this all very boring --

GEORGE
You're not bored so cut the crap.
(MORE)

141 CONTD

GEORGE (Contd)
In fact, you're thawing. You're just beginning to vibrate, aren't you?

TINA (VO)
(as she gives him a withering glance)
Yes. Yes, I am!

GEORGE
You excite me like hell and I excite the hell out of you --
(she is about to say something)
Don't give me any of that righteous indignation crap --
(suddenly he laughs)
Man, this hasn't happened to me in years! Not since I was a horny teen ager --

Tina's eyes drop to his crotch. She gapes at him.

TINA (VO)
He's disgusting!

She starts to leave. George grabs her wrist.

GEORGE
Just stand here a minute. We don't want anyone to see how you affect me, do we? Or would you rather sit on my lap?

TINA
(snatches her arm away from him)
You are the most disgusting man I have ever met!

142 GALLERY - ANOTHER ANGLE

As she turns away, Asher passes them. He looks significantly from George to her.

ASHER
(with a leer)
So!

TINA (VO)
(she gives him a nasty stare)
So nothing you worm!

143 ANOTHER ANGLE

She is striding towards Jonathan. He crosses to meet her.

JONATHAN
I noticed you talking to George Prager!

TINA
Yes.

JONATHAN
You see, Tina! That ought to prove something to you!

TINA
What?

JONATHAN
I'm damn proud that you can hold your own with someone like that. What were you talking about?

TINA
(brightly)
Sex.

A waiter passes with a tray of drinks. She takes one with a gesture of nonchalance.

TINA
We were talking about sex.

JONATHAN
Sex?

TINA
That's right.

She drinks. A slight pause as Jonathan looks at her appraisingly. Finally he chuckles.

JONATHAN
Nothing the matter with you, Teen. I take it all back. If you can banter about sex with someone like Prager you're not as insecure as I thought.

144 CU SILVER WINE COOLER

An elaborately decorated and moulded rim -- all of it now covered with opaque polish which is being applied by two hands in rubber gloves. As we draw back we see we are in the pantry. The hands belong to Tina. Several other silver pieces are on the counter also covered with polish.

Sound of a vacuum cleaner in the dining room.

The phone on the counter rings.

TINA
(calling towards the
dining room)
Will you get that, Lottie?

Tina picks up a soft cloth and begins to rub the polish off the rim of the wine cooler. Part of a cluster of grapes emerges from the design. Lottie pushes open the swinging door. She is a dignified Negro woman of 60.

LOTTIE
There's a man wants to speak
with you, Mrs. Balser. He says
to tell you it's Mr. Prager --

Tina puts down the cloth. She gives Lottie a brief stricken look. Then she starts to peel off her rubber gloves.

TINA
Thank you, Lottie. I'll take
it in here.

Lottie disappears. The door swings shut. Tina's hand hesitates over the phone. She picks it up.

TINA
(hoarsely)
Hello?

GEORGE (VO)
Hello!

TINA
Just one minute please.
(she covers the mouthpiece
with one hand and shouts)
I've got it, Lottie! You can hang
up now!
(we hear the click of the
other phone being replaced)

145 GEORGE'S BEDROOM

George, dressed in slacks and a shirt, is sitting on his bed.

GEORGE
(into phone)
Recovered from my shocking behavior yet? I gave you damn near two weeks. How are you?

During the following sequence cut from one to the other.

144A

TINA
(artificially high voice)
Why, I'm just fine thank you, how are you?

145A

GEORGE
Okay that's over. Let's get to the point. Can I see you this afternoon? In fact I'd like to see you right now.

144A

TINA (VO)
What does he mean, "see" me?

TINA
Do you mean you'd like to take me out for lunch or a drink?

145A

GEORGE
(laughs)
Jesus, baby! You expect me to go through all that? Come on, be a big brave girl and play it clean and straight.

144A

TINA
I'm not brave. I'm a coward through and through. I'm afraid of about everything you could name.

145A

GEORGE
Yeah and I'll name one. Me.
(laughs)
Nothing wrong with that. I find it exciting.

144A

TINA (VO)
Me too. How sick!

145A

GEORGE
What about it? Coming over?

144A

TINA
I -- I have to go to a committee
meeting at my daughter's school
-- I was just going out the door --

145A

GEORGE
Tomorrow? No, tomorrow's Saturday.
Monday.

144A

TINA
Monday I promised Jonathan I'd go down
and pick out our Christmas cards
for this year --

145A

GEORGE
Your life is really full of crap,
isn't it? Look, I'm in the phone
book. You want to see me -- you
call me!
(he slams down the phone)

146 PANTRY

Tina puts down the phone. She picks up the cloth. She continues to polish the rim of the wine cooler.

TINA (VO)
So how do you feel now, Miss
Prissy Prunes?

As she rubs the polish next to the cluster of grapes, the face of an angelic cherub appears.

147 FOYER

On the sound track we hear Liz wailing "Mudther! Mudther! Mudther!" Then we hear Sylvie weak but angry: "Mudther tell Liz to shut up, I can't stand her whining!" Then Liz: "Mudther, my throat hurts!" Then Sylvie: "My throat hurts too. Shut up!" Their voices are coming from their bedroom. During the following they continue to call Tina and to whine at each other.

Dr. Bookman, a clean-cut hearty man of about forty is sitting on a bench in the foyer putting on his rubbers. Beside him is his black doctor's bag. He is talking to Tina who is looking more bedraggled and dazed than usual.

DR. BOOKMAN
(heartily)
Believe me, the girls are going to
be just fine. In some cases the
(MORE)

DR. BOOKMAN (Contd)
fever runs as high as one hundred and five but it's still nothing to worry about. This Thing is all over New York, I've been swamped with calls --
(he rises and puts on his coat)
This Thing has to run its course. No antibiotics can touch it. Give them plenty of fluids and keep them warm.

Tina hands him his hat, a felt hat with a plastic cover.

DR. BOOKMAN
And don't worry if they throw up a lot in the next few days. You'll just have to rally round with the old mop and pail!

TINA
Will I get it?

DR. BOOKMAN
Probably, this Thing is very contagious.
(giving her a big cheery smile as he goes out the door)

TINA
You mean my husband will get it too?
(the door has closed)

148 BEDROOM. DAY.

Jonathan is in bed. On his night table is aspirin, Kleenex, a thermometer, orange peels on a plate etc. Magazines and newspapers are scattered all over the floor.

Jonathan himself is almost hidden behind an open copy of Art News. Suddenly he tosses it to the floor. We see ~~that he~~ has a three days growth of beard, his hair is uncombed, his pajamas wrinkled.

JONATHAN
(bellowing)
Tina! Tina!

Tina rushes in looking alarmed. She seems pale and thinner.

JONATHAN
This damn Thing makes me so thirsty. Will you please get me a glass of gingerale with lots of cracked ice? Cracked not cubes.

Tina exhales a long breath and starts to pick up the papers and magazines.

TINA
If you'd only go into the den and lie down, I could clean up this room --

JONATHAN
I'm too weak to move --

TINA
A little while ago you said you were feeling stronger.

JONATHAN
I'm having a relapse.

Tina exhales a long breath and starts out of the room.

JONATHAN
And Teen, bring me a Carr's water bisquit, will you?

149 BEDROOM - ANOTHER TIME OF DAY - ANOTHER ANGLE

The room is in the same condition. A different tangle of papers and magazines. Soup bowl instead of orange peels, etc. Jonathan is in bed. A longer growth of beard.

JONATHAN
(shouting)
Teeeena!

After a moment Tina walks in quite slowly and calmly.

JONATHAN
Listen Teen, I have this terrible craving for a big tall lemonade --

TINA
I'll see if there's a can in the freezer --

149 CONTD

JONATHAN
I'd rather have fresh lemonade. Make me the real old-fashioned kind, Teen. With plenty of cracked ice and sliced lemons --

Tina starts out of the room.

JONATHAN
And put in a touch of grenadine.

150 DEN

Tina is curled up in a chair with a book on her lap. Jonathan shuffles in barefoot, in a velvet robe, the belt dragging. His hair is tangled. His beard thicker.

TINA
(brightly)
You're up! You must be feeling better!

JONATHAN
God no, I feel perfectly lousy. What's that you're reading?

TINA
A cookbook. I'm looking for a new turkey stuffing.

JONATHAN
Thanksgiving! Christ, when's that?

TINA
Week from tomorrow.

JONATHAN
My brain's been affected by this Thing -- Look Teen, the invitations to our party have to go out right away.

TINA
The party's not for a month.

JONATHAN
The kind of people we're inviting make plans two and three months ahead of time. We'll be damn lucky if everybody isn't all booked up.

He has crossed to the desk. Now he takes two boxes of invitations and a list out of the drawer.

JONATHAN
Would you please do them, Teen?
I'd help you if I didn't feel so
rotten.
(he shuffles towards
the door)
I've got to go back to bed. I'm
weak as a kitten.

151 DEN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is at the desk, a pile of invitations and the list in front of her. She is addressing the last few envelopes. After a moment, Jonathan's bellow comes up the hall from the bedroom. She lets him call her several times until she has finished the envelopes. Then she puts down the pen and gets up.

152 BEDROOM

Tina appears at the door.

JONATHAN
(from his bed)
Teen, I've been thinking about
the turkey stuffing. Maybe you
could do a whole different kind
of Thanksgiving dinner this year.
Not that your Thanksgiving dinners
aren't always great -- but it
would be fun to jazz it up -- more
gourmet and less classic American,
you know?
(Tina nods)
How're you doing with the
invit ations?

TINA
Finished. I'll mail them tomorrow.
No stamps in the house.

JONATHAN
Why can't you take them to the
Post Office?

TINA
It's awfully cold out.

JONATHAN
For God's sake the Post Office is
only four bloody blocks away!

TINA
(a slight pause)
That's true.
(she looks at him
thoughtfully)
That's absolutely true.

153 CENTRAL PARK WEST

It is grey, freezing cold and windy out of doors. Tina in a coat, heavy gloves and a scarf over her head is hurrying along the sidewalk. She comes to an outdoor telephone booth and ducks inside.

154 TELEPHONE BOOTH

Tina takes a piece of scratch paper from her purse and consults the number scribbled on it. She dials.

155 GEORGE'S BEDROOM

GEORGE
(into the phone, angrily)
Yes? ... no I'm not working.
Would I answer if I was working?
(his voice softens)
So. It's you. What's up? You
want a drink?

154A PHONE BOOTH

TINA
I thought that might be nice.

155A GEORGE'S BEDROOM

GEORGE
Tomorrow's out. It'll have to
be the day after tomorrow.
Friday at three. You going to
change your mind? Chicken out?
Not show?

154A PHONE BOOTH

TINA
(staring at the mouthpiece.
A slight pause)
No.
(she hangs up)

156 APARTMENT HALLWAY

Tina is standing in front of a door marked 16A. She is wearing a turtle neck sweater and a skirt under a suede trench coat. She lifts her hand, hesitates for an instant, then firmly punches the bell.

After a moment George opens the door. He looks very pale and grave. His hair is neatly combed. He stands aside so that she can walk in.

157 LIVING ROOM

Austere, monastic, almost fanatically neat and clean. Underfurnished as if George has recently moved in with very few possessions. Near the uncurtained windows a card table and chair. On the table a typewriter and neat piles of manuscript. Nothing whatsoever on the walls.

The light pours in through the windows which overlook the East River. Tina winces at the brilliant whiteness of the light. George takes her coat and crosses to the closet. Tina strides across the room to the windows.

TINA
(in an artificially
enthusiastic voice)
What a marvelous view!

Behind her she hears the closet door close. George laughs.

GEORGE
You've been watching the late show, Pussycat. That entrance was right out of early Katie Hepburn! What're you drinking?

TINA
Vodka please. On the rocks.

He crosses to the kitchen. Tina examines the room. She is extremely ill-at-ease.

TINA (VO)
What am I doing here?

She hears George coming out of the kitchen and quickly turns back to the window. He brings the drinks over and hands her one. She sips it, studying him over its rim.

TINA (VO)
Just shaved. Freshly pressed slacks.
All this for me?

GEORGE (VO)
(he studies her)
What's with the college girl outfit?

TINA (VO)
Scarey eyes.

GEORGE (VO)
I must be nuts to let myself in
for this.

TINA
(trying to appear casual)
Is this the table where you work?

GEORGE (VO)
(ignoring her question)
Good for a couple of screws.

TINA
(brightly)
Well, if it is where you work
you've got a marvelous view
to inspire you.

He continues to stare steadily at her.

TINA (VO)
This is insane!

TINA
Are you working on a new article or
a new book or what?

GEORGE
(snapping at her)
I never talk about my work. Ever.
So forget it from now on.

TINA
Don't start, please.

GEORGE
Don't start what?

TINA
Being impossible.

GEORGE
(grins)
I am impossible. Don't you start.

TINA
Me? Start what?

GEORGE
Getting all nerved up.

TINA
I am not nerved up. You just --
antagonize me.

GEORGE
(with a soft laugh)
That isn't exactly the word for it.

158

He crosses to the couch and sits down at one end of it. After a slight pause she crosses and sits at the other end. From a distance of about five feet they watch each other warily.

GEORGE (VO)
What changed her mind about
coming here?

GEORGE
What changed your mind about
coming here?

TINA (VO)
Oh God, what did?

TINA
I'm not very clear on that.

GEORGE
Doesn't matter. The point is you
are here. Interesting, isn't it?

TINA
(with a falsely bright
smile)
Utterly fascinating!

159

George laughs. He reaches for a pack of cigarettes lying on the table. He gets up, crosses to her. He stands looming over her for a second, then moves and parts his legs so that he straddles her primly locked knees. For a moment his legs, strong and hard muscled, hold her knees tightly. He bends down and puts a cigarette into her mouth, sliding his hand away from her lips until it cups her cheek -- to Tina an unexpectedly tender gesture.

TINA (VO)
(looking up at him)
Icy hand. Nervous, too?

160

George drops his hand, lights her cigarette and walks abruptly back to the other end of the couch where he sprawls and lights up his own. They both puff fiercely in silence.

TINA (VO)
I've got to get out of here --

GEORGE
You know anything about me -- aside from my work?

TINA
Enough.

GEORGE
Everything they say is true. Except the bit about my being on stuff. I was for a while -- but not long enough to get in trouble.

TINA
I gather this is The Big Warning?
(she raises her eyebrows at him and taps the ash from her cigarette with a falsely flippant gesture)
Skip it. I can take care of myself.

GEORGE
Don't start that lah-de-dah shit with me. It makes me want to puke. Save it for your husband and your charming crew of friends.

TINA
(stands)
This is ridiculous. I'm going home.

GEORGE
(roaring at her)
Sit down! Do you hear me? Sit down!

TINA
(not moving)
I can't stay! You make me too mad!

TINA (VO)
(as she glares at him)
And besides I'm scared to death!

GEORGE
(smiling up at her)
You're not mad. You're scared to death.

Their eyes meet.

GEORGE
(softly)
Goddamn it, so am I. So am I.
(slowly he gets to his feet and takes her hand)
Come on, baby, come on. Come on --

Gently he draws her towards the bedroom.

TINA (VO)
(panicky)
This can't be happening! This can't be happening!

161

There is a telephone on a small table just beside the door to the bedroom. As George steers Tina into the bedroom he reaches behind him and jerks the telephone cord loose from the jack in the wall.

162 GEORGE'S BEDROOM.

A small room. A neatly-made double bed is pushed against the wall. The bed has no spread and no dust ruffle. The only other furniture is a chest of drawers over which hangs a small mirror, and a chair.

Tina is lying in the bed alone. She stretches with a long sensuous sigh of contentment and looks towards the door.

162 CONTD

George enters carrying two drinks. He is wearing an old raincoat as a bathrobe. He hands Tina her drink, takes off the raincoat and gets into bed beside her. He props himself against the headboard. They touch glasses and drink.

GEORGE
Baby, you're a terrific piece of ass. Are you always that good?

TINA
No.

GEORGE
(laughs)
So much for the compliments. Now what the hell do we do?

TINA
What do you mean?

GEORGE
I thought you'd be good for a couple of screws -- but this could get out of hand.

TINA
Don't worry. I have no intention of getting involved with you.

GEORGE
(bursts out laughing)
I'm the one who's not going to *get* involved! I'm not going to let a dizzy mixed up broad like you mess me up!

TINA
Then there's nothing to worry about.

GEORGE
I know your type. For females like you, sex, particularly great sex, has got to be love.

TINA
(airily)
I couldn't love you. Ever.

63

She hands George her drink to put down, throws back the covers and sits up. Her side of the bed is against the wall. To get out she will have to climb over him.

TINA
Will you please move a little so
I can get out of this bed?

GEORGE
What for?

TINA
To get dressed and go home.

GEORGE
(not moving)
It's only ten past four. You just
got here.

Tina contemplates the problem.

TINA (VO)
If I climb over him he's going to
grab me exactly where I don't
want him to --

She hesitates, then she starts to scramble over him. He grabs her.

TINA (VO)
Where I _do_ want him to!

TINA
Please George, let me go --

GEORGE
Why?

TINA
You're hurting me!

TINA (VO)
Ah, but it's lovely!

GEORGE
You're alive, aren't you?

He puts his own drink down on the night table. Then he puts his hand on her breast and checks her heart beat.

GEORGE
Oh yeah, you _are_! Alive and kicking!

He pushes her back down on the bed and moves his body over hers.

164 BEDROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is getting dressed. George is watching her from the bed.

GEORGE
The thing it all hangs on is can you have a straight sex thing or not? What do you think?

TINA (VO)
The truth is I can't think.

GEORGE
Well? Can you or can't you?

TINA
(with a shrug)
Why not?

GEORGE
It won't be easy for you. I know your type.

TINA
You said that before. What _is_ my type?

GEORGE
Your type is that when you were a little girl you brushed your hair one hundred strokes every night!

TINA
(shakes her head)
I always cheated.

GEORGE
You wore little white gloves and went to dancing school and on your tenth birthday your Daddy paid a professional magician to entertain at your party and the next summer you went to camp and fell in love with the dyke riding counselor --

TINA
Tennis counselor!
(she is putting on her skirt)

GEORGE
You went to some pukey girls' school, didn't you, in a little navy blue jacket with a crest on the pocket and studied French verbs and edited the yearbook and during vacations on Nantucket you necked your ass off with a dumb boy from Virginia Military Institute --

TINA
A smart boy from Exeter. And it was Easthampton.

George grins. He watches her pull her sweater over her head.

GEORGE
That get-up you're wearing, that's your type. Why do you come here looking as if you were on your way to a poetry reading at the YMHA?

TINA
Instead of on my way to commit adultery on East 68th Street?

GEORGE
Commit adultery!
(he hoots)
Christ, how -- how quaint! Is that really what it is to you, Mrs. Balser?

TINA
(putting on lipstick
in front of the mirror)
It's certainly not a love affair.

GEORGE
There are, I believe, other terms --

TINA
Save them for your bloody awful books!

She picks up her bag and crosses into the living room. George snatches up his raincoat and puts it on as he follows her.

LIVING ROOM

Tina is on her way to the closet. George grabs her by the arm and whirls her around.

GEORGE
(livid)
Take that back!

She winces from the pressure of his fingers around her arm. She realizes she has stung him where it hurts.

TINA
(gently)
All right, you're good. You're so good it doesn't bear thinking about.

He smiles. He puts his arms around her and looks down into her face.

GEORGE
Why can't you bear thinking about it?

TINA
Then I'd have to figure out how come George, the writer, is also George the coarse and vulgar clod!

He laughs delightedly and hugs her. She crosses to the closet.

GEORGE
Hey look, let's say we play this by ear for a while.

TINA
Okay.

GEORGE
We don't see each other for -- say, about a week and we don't call each other --

Tina smiles at him as she puts on her coat. He makes no attempt to help her.

GEORGE
Don't give me that smile. You'll want to call. Let's say we have a date a week from today, same time, and during that week we both think things over. You think about whether or not you can swing this for what it is, pure and incredible sex and I'll think about just what I can or can't take --

TINA
(buttoning her coat)
What does that mean?

GEORGE
I'm not sure I feel like coping with all your emotional tantrums --

TINA
My emotional tantrums?

GEORGE
You're going to be crazy about me -- weak-in-the-knees, stars-in-the-eyes crazy. You're going to get all possessive and make demands and make scenes --

TINA (VO)
(she gives him a look)
Wow! Listen to that stuck-up son of a bitch!

GEORGE
If, during the week, you've found you've kicked it or don't want to play it my way, don't show up for our date. If, during the week, I find that I've kicked it, or decided the high isn't worth the cost of the fix, I'll either call and tell you not to come or not be here when you show --

TINA
(with a wide grin)
Of all the pure, unmitigated gall!

GEORGE
What about it? Is it a deal?

TINA
Deal!

They shake hands. Then laughing she crosses to the door and opens it.

TINA
Early Katie Hepburn on the exit too!

She closes the door smartly in George's face.

166 KITCHEN

Tina is at the counter in her jeans and shirt. She is slicing the last of several onions.

TINA (VO)
You can't have a Straight Sex Thing, Bettina Monroe Balser. You're just not made that way.

She crosses to the stove, puts the onions in a frying pan and starts to saute them.

TINA (VO)
You will not call George. You will not go to George's apartment next Friday. You will not go there ever again. You will keep yourself too busy to think about it --

Sylvie enters in pajamas.

SYLVIE
(with a grimace of disgust)
Uk! Onions before breakfast! Couldn't you wait until later?

TINA
(a dangerous sweetness in her voice)
Your breakfast is ready in the dining room, Sylvie. You won't be able to smell anything in there.

SYLVIE
You can smell those bloody onions in our bedroom. That's what woke me up.
(she crosses to a bowl and peers into it)
What's that?

TINA
Something for the turkey stuffing.

SYLVIE
(suspiciously)
It looks mooky.

67 KITCHEN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is stuffing the turkey. Jonathan enters in pajamas. He looks terrible. His hair is standing up in tufts, his eyes glazed.

JONATHAN
What's that bloody smell?

TINA
Good morning, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
(casting a jaundiced
eye on the bird)
God! Are you making a big production?

TINA
I'm making a Thanksgiving dinner.
And rather special as you asked.
Why?

JONATHAN
I feel as if I'm getting that god-damned Thing all over again.

TINA
You probably drank too much last night. Go back to sleep. You'll feel better when you wake up.

168 KITCHEN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is peeling vegetables. She crosses to the oven. Opens it and bastes the turkey. She looks peaceful.

169 KITCHEN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina is shelling chestnuts. They are hot and she handles them gingerly. She pricks her fingers on some. She doesn't mind. She regards the half filled bowl of shelled chestnuts with pleasure.

170 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Tina in coat and mittens is walking Lulu .

171 KITCHEN

Tina is purreeing the chestnuts.

172 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Tina is walking with the two girls. It is very cold and snowing.

173 APARTMENT HOUSE ENTRANCE (NOT 135 C.P.W.)

Tina kisses the girls goodbye at the entrance and they run into the lobby. Bent against the wind Tina starts back up the street.

174 DINING ROOM

Tina is setting the table carefully with the best china, silver and glasses.

175 BEDROOM

The shades are down. Jonathan is asleep. Tina, now changed into a silk slack suit, is quietly brushing her hair. When she puts the brush down she starts to tip toe out of the room. Suddenly Jonathan sits up in bed.

JONATHAN
Tina?

TINA
Feel any better?

Jonathan switches on the light.

TINA
You look better.

JONATHAN
Where are the girls?

TINA
Watching the Thanksgiving parade with some friends.

JONATHAN
Great! That gives us plenty of time.

TINA
Time?

JONATHAN
For a little ole roll in the hay!

TINA
Now?

JONATHAN
Of course now!

TINA
But -- you're not well.

JONATHAN
I feel fine. Feel pretty horny
as a matter of fact. You can get
pretty horny lying around in bed.

176 GYMNASIUM

Jonathan in a track suit is tumbling on a long row of mats. He does a series of perfect somersaults, leaps springily to his feet and does another series. His face is red with exertion.

177 BEDROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

TINA
I'm sorry but I -- really don't feel
like it myself. I mean I haven't
been lying around. I've been
rushing around. And I still have
a lot to do. If I don't go and
turn off the chestnuts this minute
they'll get over-cooked.

JONATHAN
Okay. Okay. I get the idea.
(he gives her a twisted smile)
Do you think you could at least bring
me something to eat?

TINA
Of course. What would you like?

JONATHAN
Juice and coffee. One four minute
egg and a scone. No butter -- and
some Damson plum preserves.

TINA
But -- we're having dinner in a
couple of hours.

JONATHAN
I'm hungry! I haven't eaten all day!

178 DINING ROOM

The Balser family are having Thanksgiving dinner. Tina is in her silk slack suit, the girls in dressed-up velvet dresses, Jonathan in fresh pajamas and an elegant silk robe. There is no sound in the room but the tentative click clack of silverware on china.

There is an open bottle of red wine on the table. They have been drinking it and Tina's and Jonathan's glasses are less than half full. The girls each have a spoonful in their glasses.

The four faces are somber, their eyes downcast. If by any chance any one of them looks up and meets the gaze of any other one, both glances drop quickly to their plates.

JONATHAN
(in a Daddy-voice)
My, this is a delicious dinner, Teen. Isn't this just scrumptuous girls?

The girls nod politely, their mouths full.

Jonathan holds his wine glass to the light. The liquid glows ruby red.

JONATHAN
This wine is called Romanee Saint Vivant. Can you say that?

GIRLS
(together)
Romanee Saint Vivant.

JONATHAN
You must learn so that when you grow up you'll know all about wines. No reason why women shouldn't know as much as men --
(to Tina)
Expensive for a 1964. Expensive but not smug, know what I mean?

Tina nods politely. He takes a mouthful of the wine, kind of washes it around in his mouth, swallows and makes a small grimace.

JONATHAN
(to Tina)
The sediment seems heavier than it should be --
(Tina raises her eyebrows)
That bloody washing machine you have in the kitchen -- it vibrates my wine racks! You're going to have to move that machine!

TINA
Move it where?

Liz has been eating the stuffing.

LIZ
(loudly and suspiciously)
This stuffing tastes different!

SYLVIE
(to Tina)
Why didn't you make the old kind of stuffing we love?

TINA
Daddy specifically asked if we could have something different this year. Didn't you, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
I did. And I'm glad I did. It's great! Sooper-dooper! I've always said you had the makings of a superb cook.

SYLVIE
(chewing thoughtfully)
What's in the stuffing -- those squoggly things?

TINA
Please don't talk with your mouth full, Sylvie. Oysters.

In a spluttery explosion Sylvie empties her mouth onto her plate.

JONATHAN
(shouting)
Sylvie! What do you *mean* by doing such a *disgusting* thing?

Sylvie gulps some water. Tina finishes her wine. Liz keeps her eyes lowered and spears some turkey with her fork. Jonathan glares at Sylvie.

JONATHAN
Sylvie, I am *talking* to you! What was the *meaning* of that outrage?

SYLVIE
(her eyes tearing)
Oysters. They make me sick.

TINA
But you and Liz just love oysters --

SYLVIE
(shouting hysterically)
On the half shell with cocktail sauce, not in a bloody turkey for God's sake!

JONATHAN
Sylvie, you will apologize to your mother and then you will eat this delicious dinner she's worked so hard to cook.

179

Sylvie pushes back her chair and stands up. She bursts into tears.

SYLVIE
It isn't delicious! It's awful! Mushy chestnuts! Onions and celery in cream! Even the salad isn't normal! Oranges and cut up plants!

JONATHAN
You go straight to your room.

SYLVIE
(shouting)
I'm happy to go to my room!

180

She bolts from the dining room. A moment later we hear the sound of the slammed bedroom door. The three others continue their tentative eating. Suddenly Jonathan pushes back his chair.

JONATHAN
(in a choked voice)
I feel rather peculiar --
(he too bolts from
the dining room)

181

Tina reaches for the wine bottle and pours herself a full glass. She sips it as she watches Liz trying to chew and swallow her food.

TINA
It's all right, baby, you don't have to eat any more.
(tears are running down Liz's cheeks)
I just goofed this year. It's nothing to cry about --

LIZ
(weeping)
I'm sorry, Mommy --

182

Tina gets up, goes around the table and puts her arms around her.

TINA
Please don't, lamb. It's only food. Come on, help me carry everything out to the kitchen. Then we'll call Sylvie and we'll each have a piece of pumpkin pie. That's one thing I didn't change.

183 BEDROOM

Jonathan is stretched out on his bed, a wrung out wash cloth across his brow. Tina is standing beside him.

JONATHAN
(faintly)
God, I'm sorry Teen, but everything started spinning --

TINA
Can I get you something?

Jonathan shakes his head and groans.

TINA
The food was simply too rich.
I made a mistake.

JONATHAN
I feel like a limp dishrag --

TINA
Don't try to talk. Just lie still and rest.

184 PANTRY

Tina, an apron tied around her silk slack suit, is scraping plates full of food into the garbage can. The phone rings. She wipes her hands and picks it up. Before she can say hello she hears Eliot Asher's voice.

ASHER (OS)
Eliot here, Jonathan. How are you?

JONATHAN (OS)
(loud and hearty, not at all the "limp dishrag")
Ellie -- old boy! How are you. Have a pleasant Thanksgiving?

ELIOT (OS)
Splendid! You?

JONATHAN (OS)
Perfect! Couldn't have been better!

ELIOT (OS)
I'm awfully sorry to bother you on a holiday -- but we're having a little financial meeting here. Are you free to join us?

JONATHAN (OS)
Of course! I'd love to! Be over in ten minutes.

Tina hangs up the phone. She crosses to the counter, picks up a Meissen serving dish full of pureed chestnuts and hurls it with all her might at the swinging door. It breaks with a satisfying crash, oozing streaks of puree on the door as it falls to the floor.

85 BEDROOM

Jonathan is putting on a tie. Tina enters the room.

JONATHAN
What was that?

TINA
What was what?

JONATHAN
That awful crash?

TINA
I dropped a plate.

JONATHAN
It didn't sound like a plate.

TINA
How come you're going out?

JONATHAN
You ought to know, you were listening on the extension!

TINA
Why does Mr. Asher want you for a financial meeting?

JONATHAN
Because I'm going to be one of the major investors in his new vineyard.

TINA
How much?

JONATHAN
Who do you think you are, cross-examining me?

TINA
How much are you investing, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
I don't like being cross-examined and I don't like being spied on on the telephone!

TINA
How can we afford to invest in a Vineyard?

JONATHAN
I'm in charge of financial matters around here -- so you can take that snippy tone of voice and do you-know-what with it, old girl!
(he pulls on his jacket)
And since you've had such an exhausting day, I suggest that you just go to bed and relax!

186 CU TINA IN BED

She is relaxed. Her face is serene. She is smoking. She reaches over to an ashtray and we discover she is in bed with George. A chunky ashtray is balanced on his bare chest. He turns his head and their eyes meet in a long warm look.

GEORGE
Well, we're hooked. At least for a while.

TINA
(dreamily)
Um.

He reaches for his glass on the night table and drinks. Tina watches the liquid moving down his throat.

TINA (VO)
That hollow where his neck joins his chest --

GEORGE (VO)
Who taught her all of that?

He wipes his mouth on the back of his hand.

TINA (VO)
Marvelous hands. Incredible hands.

GEORGE
He didn't teach you all of that.

TINA
Who?

GEORGE
That goofed-up husband of yours. You screw around a lot before you married him?

TINA
Not a lot.

GEORGE
What's his problem anyway? Has he always been such a creep?

TINA
(indignant)
I gather you don't know it but he's actually a brilliant lawyer!

GEORGE
(yawns)
He likely to get wise to this?

TINA
He doesn't watch me. He's much too involved with himself.

GEORGE
Probably has a broad somewhere.

TINA
No. He isn't the type.

GEORGE
(laughs)
Everyone's the type, Pussycat!
By the way how'd I do with that little biography of yours last week?

TINA
It wasn't mine.

GEORGE
Came close didn't I?

TINA
Whose was it?

GEORGE
I made it up.

He finishes his drink. Leans over, takes Tina's out of her hand and pours it into his own glass. His face is closed up.

TINA
(timid)
You have a little boy haven't you?

GEORGE
Kid's not mine. My ex-wife's a congenital puking liar!

TINA
You mean she -- slept with someone else?

GEORGE
(with a hoot)
Slept! Where'd you learn to talk like that? In Miss Snotnose Hathaway's elocution class? She screwed someone else!

TINA (VO)
"For females like you sex has got to be love."

TINA
And fell in love with him?

GEORGE
She bored the ass off me anyway. After two years she was just so much cold turkey.
(he grins)
You been screwing around much since you've been married?

TINA
Never before.

GEORGE
(astounded)
Why'd it take you so long?

TINA (VO)
Because I believed in all those square virtues -- devotion, loyalty, fidelity -- nothing you'd understand!

GEORGE
Well? Why?

TINA
Because sex isn't that important to me.

George laughs heartily.

TINA
It just isn't!

GEORGE
Baby, you don't act like a broad sex isn't important to. Who broke you in? Tell me about it. What was he like? What'd he do? What'd he have you do? I dig hearing about that sort of thing.

TINA (VO)

Voyeur!

GEORGE

And don't give me any crap about being a voyeur. I am a voyeur.

TINA

There wasn't anybody like that and there doesn't have to be. With certain women sex is instinctive. Remember what Proust wrote about Albertine? She instinctively knew what would give the male body pleasure --

George claps his hand to his brow and sits bolt upright howling with laughter.

TINA

(furious)

Stop that! Stop laughing at me!

GEORGE

Albertine! Instinctively knew! God, it's too much! You knucklehead! Proust was a homosexual and Albertine was a goddamn boy!

TINA

(through clenched teeth)

Don't you dare laugh at me! I don't believe in that interpretation. I happen to believe that the character of Albertine was based on a real woman --

GEORGE

Who told you that? Some crappy professor at Sarah Lawrence?

TINA

Smith!

She slaps his face and tries to climb over him and out of the bed. He grabs her and pulls her down hard on top of him. She strains her head back and glares at him.

GEORGE

Sweetheart, angel, you really are a pretty smart cookie -- but a lot

(MORE)

GEORGE (Contd)
of the time you seem to have a box
full of marbles for a brain --

TINA
(struggling to get free)
You're cruel and mean and you always
have to spoil everything!

He pulls her head down to his and shuts her up with a long violent kiss. When he finally lets her go she rolls limply over to lie beside him, licking a badly bitten lower lip.

GEORGE
(propping his head on
his elbow to look at her)
You always spoil things by trying
to dress them up.

TINA
I _hate_ being laughed at.

GEORGE
Why can't you take things as they
are? The way I do? I keep things
as basic and simple as possible.

TINA
(bitterly)
That shouldn't be hard -- you've
only got yourself to think of.

GEORGE
That's what you've got to learn.
Think of yourself. It's the secret
of success, Pussycat!

TINA
You're a cruel mean bastard and I
wish I'd never laid eyes on you!

With dazzling swiftness he slides over and on top of her.

GEORGE
(into her ear)
Where the hell is your sense of
humor? Why do you take everything
so seriously?

TINA (VO)
Oh shut up, shut up, shut up and just do what you're doing!

GEORGE
Ah now, that's what I call a reaction, Pussycat -- ahyes, ahyes, ahyes. Baby, have you ever had it like this?

187 BALSER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tina is in her bed reading Proust. Jonathan, still fully dressed, enters the bedroom. He carries two sheets of yellow legal paper on which are written long lists and lays them on Tina's quilt.

Tina raises her eyebrows.

JONATHAN
My Christmas list. The ones that can't be covered by gifts of cash and the ones that require the personal touch of a little present besides cash.

She picks up the yellow sheets.

JONATHAN
You'll notice I've put suggestions after each name with a sort of price ceiling. In some cases I've even suggested stores. Lord and Taylor is great for boots and I happen to know Miss Newby needs a pair. Fleece-lined suede would be nice as I suggested -- I even put down her size.

TINA
(after a long pause)
I take it you want me to do your shopping?

JONATHAN
Yes I do. I haven't any time this year. By the way, how are the RSVPs coming in?

TINA
Everyone's answered except seven or eight.

JONATHAN

What about Charlotte Rady and Julie Hayes? And the Packards? They all accept?

TINA

Charlotte Rady and Julie Hayes did. Joyce Packard called this morning and said they couldn't come.

JONATHAN

(stricken)

I'm very sorry to hear that. Very very sorry. Did she give any reason?

TINA

They're off to one of those places to ski -- Klosters or Kitzbuhel --

JONATHAN

Boy! Some people really know how to live!

(he starts for the door)

I hope you've arranged to have the apartment done next week -- floors waxed, windows washed -- you've ordered the flowers haven't you?

TINA

Not yet.

JONATHAN

(halting at the door, shocked)

Not yet? Do you realize our party's only nine days away?

She nods. Jonathan glares at her, then, his face set and angry, leaves. Tina sticks her tongue out at his back. She leans back on the pillows and shuts her eyes.

88 BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight is streaming through sparkling windows, the furniture and floors are shined to a mirror-like gloss. Everything is immaculately clean, in its place, the bed made, beautiful informal flower arrangements on the bureau and tables, etc.

Tina stands in the center of the room. Her make-up is perfection, her hair neatly bunned and shining.

She is dressed in something quaint like calico, her skirts to the floor. Over her dress she wears a dazzling white starched apron. Attached to the belt around her waist is a bunch of keys. On her face is a blissful expression as she calmly surveys the room, moving with smooth gliding steps almost as if she is on wheels.

189 LIVING ROOM - DAY

The same sunlight, cleanliness and order as above. Tina dressed as above glides through the room.

190 DINING ROOM - DAY

Same as above. Tina glides through the room.

191 HALL

Tina glides to a linen closet, opens the door and we see towels and sheets in neat pastel stacks, soap and Kleenex in colors to match the linens, quilts and blankets neatly folded, rolls of toilet paper. She closes the door with a proud smile.

192 PANTRY

Tina opens the cupboard doors. We see rows of sparkling glasses, stacks of uncracked plates, shining cups hanging from hooks, silver serving pieces dazzlingly polished.

193 KITCHEN

Tina opens a closet. We see a brand new vacuum cleaner, a brand new broom, a neat pile of soft clean rags, and on the shelves every kind of wax and polish and soap. Also on the shelves are honeycombs of boxed light bulbs, neatly coiled extension cords, a box of fuses and a tool box.

Tina glides across the waxed kitchen floor and opens a grocery closet. We have a swift glimpse of neat rows of canned goods of every conceivable kind.

194 BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tina's face on the pillow. Her eyes snap open. Jonathan has come into the bedroom and shut the door. Now he is leaning against it looking at her.

JONATHAN
I want to have a talk with you.

TINA
(she reaches for a cigarette)
About what?

JONATHAN
Do you know what nicotine does to your teeth?

TINA
(lighting up)
Stains them.

JONATHAN
You notice I don't allow myself to be ruled by a little tube of tobacco!

TINA
(exhaling a long plume of smoke)
Is this what you want to talk about? Smoking?

JONATHAN
I want to talk about the way we live. The way we live is ridiculous.

TINA
I couldn't agree more.

He crosses to an armchair and collapses into it. He shades his eyes with his hand as if the light is too bright.

JONATHAN
Tina, Tina, I've been sitting in the den trying to figure it out. Why is it that just as I'm about to utilize my creative potential you're doing everything to hold me back?

TINA
What if I happen to think some of your methods are wrong? This whole kick you're on -- throwing big parties for so-called celebrities, running after them -- I think it's idiotic and demeaning. Those people don't care about you. They want to use you --

JONATHAN
You just let me be the judge of that! Why can't you go along with me instead of working to destroy me?

195 THE OFFICE CEILING

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
-- in a successful marriage the husband is the dominant partner, the wife is the passive partner.

TINA (OS)
Why can't the wife be dominant once in a while?

DR. LINDSTROM (OS)
(triumphantly)
Listen to yourself, Bettina! Listen to your masculinity strivings!

196 BEDROOM

JONATHAN
If you want to know the truth I'm more worried about the girls than anything else --

TINA
What the hell do you mean by that crack?

JONATHAN
Girls look to their mothers to teach them about being women -- and you sure set one helluva horrible example!

Furious Tina stubs out her cigarette.

TINA
(she is shaking with rage)
Listen here, Jonathan Balser, if there is any rotten example being set for those girls it's not me -- so you can take that kind of talk and shove it right up your ass!

JONATHAN
Calm down! Calm down! And stop using such foul language.
(he rises)
I'm going to pretend you never said any of the nasty things you've just said --

TINA
That's very big of you, I must say!

JONATHAN
I've been patient, fantastically patient, more patient than any other man I know. But now I'm at my wits' ends. I don't know what to do --

TINA
About what?

JONATHAN
In nine days we are giving a party for one hundred people. I have hired Beaumont, the most expensive caterer in New York to take care of the food and the service -- even the ice. I'd like to see you do one thing to make this party a success.

197 CU - WINDOW IN GEORGE'S BEDROOM

Heavy curtain of snow falling outside. The flakes tick against the glass. We hear Tina speaking.

TINA (OS)
Would you come to a party we're giving Saturday night if I thought of a safe way of inviting you?

GEORGE (OS)
Not on your life.

TINA (OS)
Why not?

GEORGE (OS)
First of all I hate parties. Second of all I don't get my kicks from that sort of thing.

TINA (OS)
What sort of thing?

GEORGE (OS)
That nobody-knows-but-us crap!

We draw back to reveal them sitting up on the bed, their drinks in their hands, smoking cigarettes. George is wrapped in his raincoat, Tina is wearing a sweater which belongs to him. Otherwise they are naked.

GEORGE
(shaking his head at Tina)
Poor baby, I might've known you would dig that kind of cheap thrill.

TINA (VO)
(hurt)
Remember no matter how rotten he seems he isn't as rotten as he seems.

TINA
I only asked because it would be more bearable if you were there.
(then, acidly)
If you hate parties what were you doing at the two where we met?

GEORGE
Checking up on a lying cunt.

198 GEORGE AND THE TALL SKINNY BLONDE

Their naked bodies are intertwined on the bed and they are embracing passionately. The skinny blonde, surprisingly, is wearing her green horn rims.

199 TINA AND GEORGE - ANOTHER ANGLE

TINA
The tall skinny blonde?

GEORGE
What difference does it make who it was?

TINA
It -- it sounds as if -- as if you cared for her.

GEORGE
Cared! Oh Christ! Are you going to start getting possessive on me?

TINA
Do you still see her?

He glowers at her with disgust.

TINA
You've made love to a million women, haven't you?

GEORGE
Give or take a dozen --

TINA
You've had a lot of practice and experience, haven't you?

GEORGE
(grins)
Aren't you glad?

TINA
I'm jealous.

TINA (VO)
Cuckco jealous, cat jealous.

GEORGE
You've no goddamn right to be jealous!

TINA
Why? Because I'm married?

GEORGE
Because you give me too damned little of your time. What do you expect me to do while you're changing diapers and running errands for old Jon-a-thing? And while we're on him, are you going to tell me you two never screw?

TINA (VO)
(ecstatic)
He's jealous!

TINA
No, I'm not.

GEORGE
Well? Suppose I don't like that?

TINA (VO)
Oh wonderful, horrible, marvelous George!

TINA
What difference does it make since you and I are only having a straight sex thing?

GEORGE
Ah shit to all that.
(he pulls her sweater off)
Come on, baby, we're wasting time!

Tina rolls over on top of him. She is laughing.

200 GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM

Tina is dressed. She is sitting on the couch pulling on her high winter boots.

201

George enters from the bedroom, naked, except for the raincoat. He pulls it around himself.

GEORGE
Jesus, it's cold in here.
(crosses to feel
the radiator)

TINA
Don't you have a bathrobe?

GEORGE
Never owned one in my life.

TINA
Why?

GEORGE
Bathrobes were luxuries where I
grew up --
(turns a valve on
the radiator)
Now it's just a habit.
(hits the radiator
slightly with his
fist)
What's today? Tuesday? How about
Friday?

TINA
(drawing in a breath)
I know this will only prove your
point but the fact is I can't see
you until next week. And next
week will be the last time until
after the holidays --

He gives her a frosty smile, crosses to sprawl in one of the canvas chairs.

TINA
Don't you want to hear why?

GEORGE
I don't give a flying fart why.

TINA
One of the reasons is our damned party. I have to stick around and see that the floors get waxed and the windows get washed, things like that. On Friday I have to go to the dentist and the hairdresser --

GEORGE
(grim)
Uh huh.

TINA
Next week I can see you early in the week because I'm due to get the curse around the middle of the week.

GEORGE
I don't mind that.

TINA
I do.

GEORGE
After that, what? This is fascinating in a hair-raising sort of way.

TINA
After that is Christmas vacation. I have to be with the girls, take them places.

GEORGE
And you have the nerve to be jealous!
(he laughs)
It's twenty past five. Hadn't you better move your ass?

TINA
(close to tears)
Do you want to see me next Tuesday or not?

GEORGE
(not rising, casually)
Sure baby, Tuesday's fine. I'll have some mistletoe hanging over the bed!

203 CHRISTMAS SHOPPING MONTAGE

We see Tina as part of the man-swarm bobbing along on Fifth Avenue.

She looks into the elaborately decorated Christmas store windows.

We see her pushed, crushed, trampled on, waited on and not waited on in shops like Bloomingdale's, Bonwit Teller's, F.A.O. Schwarz, Doubleday.

We see along with Tina every unattractive piece of behavior of shoppers at Christmas time.

Tina encounters a Salvation Army type Santa Claus who appears to be soused as he rings his bell. With his other hand he picks his nose.

As Tina continues to shop she gets more and more laden with packages, shopping bags, bundles, etc. Towards the end of the afternoon her hair is in strings, her eyes are wild, she seems to be coming apart.

On the sound track we hear, besides the usual New York traffic noises of auto horns, sirens, shouts, the rining of the Santas' bells, Christmas carols blaring from loudspeakers in stores, irate voices, beggars' voices, the rattling of coins in blind men's tin cups, Santas' bells, a hoarse voice shouting "Help starving children in Biafra," Salvation Army worker's pleas for donations, etc. What we don't hear is any sound of genuine laughter. What we hardly see is anyone smiling.

204 FIFTH AVENUE

Tina, loaded down and shivering from the bitter cold wind, is trying to get a taxicab. Time after time she loses out to nimble footed men or women who reach the cabs first. Finally she snares one. She gets herself and her packages inside with difficulty and the cab pulls off.

TINA
(to the driver)
Seventy-Thrd and Central Park West, please.

DRIVER
Anything the little lady's heart desires!

TINA
Could we go through the Park, please?

DRIVER
If the little lady wants to go through the Park we can go through the Park!

They start and stop jerkily in the throngs of traffic.

DRIVER
I see you got the real Christmas spirit.

Tina doesn't answer.

DRIVER
(looking at her in his rearview mirror)
I said you got the real Christmas spirit!

The driver's cap is grimey. His neck is thick and creased. Tina glances at it with annoyance.

TINA
Mmm.

DRIVER
Frankly, to tell you the truth, Christmas ain't no good for a guy who drives a cab. Bad weather, bad traffic, too many drunks. If it was up to me I'd leave the cab in the garage --

Tina doesn't answer.

DRIVER
-- I'd just go down to Florida and fish till after New Year's.

Tina doesn't answer.

DRIVER
I said I'd just go down to Florida and fish till after New Year's.

TINA
Mmm.

DRIVER
Can't afford it. I got to stick around and bring home the bacon. My old lady eats a lot a bacon!
(he laughs loudly)

They have swung into the park. They come to a stop light. Two young Negro couples, ice skates swinging from their hands, laughing and talking, cross the street heading towards the ice skating rink.

DRIVER
Look at that! Blacky plays while Whitey works!

The light turns green. He starts the cab at full speed narrowly missing one of the couples.

DRIVER
(enraged)
Know why they can go ice skating doncha? Cause my tax money is supporting those goddamn niggers, that's why!

TINA
Will you turn in at the Tavern on the Green please?

DRIVER
I thought you said 73rd.

TINA
I've changed my mind.

DRIVER
All day long I hafta ride chicks who change their minds!

TINA
And would you please shut up until we get there?

DRIVER
(swiveling his head around)
Whassa matter? You dint like what
I said?

TINA
(counting out some change)
That's the idea.

DRIVER
(skids to a stop in front
of the Tavern-on-the-Green)
Shi-yut! It's people like you who're
ruining this country!

Tina opens the door. She tosses some coins onto the front seat of the cab, grabs her shopping bags and gets out.

DRIVER
(shrieking at her)
Communist cunt!

He races his motor and roars off. Tina starts towards Central Park West.

206 CENTRAL PARK WEST

Not a single cab without a passenger is in sight. Tina stands shivering at a bus stop. A bus pulls up. She gets on.

207

The bus is crowded. The other passengers give her sour looks as her shopping bags jab into them. She puts the bags down, struggles to get a ten dollar bill out of her purse and presents it to the driver.

DRIVER
(pointing to a sign
on the fare box)
Gotta have the right change, lady.

TINA
Oh please! I haven't anything
smaller --

The driver has stopped the bus.

DRIVER
Off the bus, lady.

207 CONTD

Again to the accompaniment of angry looks, Tina struggles back off the bus.

208 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ANOTHER ANGLE

Bent against the wind, loaded with shopping bags and bundles, Tina is walking home.

209 ECU - CHRISTMAS CARD

We can read the hand-written message on it:

"Season's Greetings from Your Garbage Men
Anthony Ruzzo, Peter Snell, Joseph S. Doyle"

We draw back to find we are in the Den. Jonathan has been decorating the fireplace with cards. They are set out along the mantelpiece and hang attached from wide red ribbons down either side.

He scowls at the card in his hand, and tosses it into the wastebasket. There is a pile of cards on the desk. He picks up another one.

At this point we hear the sound of the front door opening.

JONATHAN
(calling)
Is that you Teen?

TINA (OS)
(calling)
Hi!

JONATHAN
Come on in here! I want to show you something!

He adds another card to the display.

210

Tina hobbles in. She has taken off her coat and hat but her face is red with cold, her hands and feet frozen.

Jonathan is too pleased with his handiwork to be aware of her condition.

JONATHAN
How do they look?

TINA
(blowing on her fingers)
Just fine.

JONATHAN
One hundred and fifty-three. Still ten days to Christmas and we're halfway there.

TINA
Half way where?

JONATHAN
We sent out three hundred cards this year.
(he rearranges a couple of the cards)
I want you to make a list before you throw them away. No point in sending cards next year to people who couldn't be bothered to send us one.

211 GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Looking fiercely annoyed, George is sitting on the couch tearing Christmas wrappings off a large box. Tina, who has obviously just come in and presented it to him, is hanging her coat in the closet.

She crosses to him as he lifts the lid of the box. He takes out a handsome blue Viyella robe and glowers at it.

TINA
(timidly)
I remembered what you said.

GEORGE
That bit about my deprived childhood?

He laughs and tosses the robe back into the box.

GEORGE
Would you be sore if I took it back and got some shirts? I'm pretty low on shirts.

TINA
Just because you're embarrassed about not getting me a present doesn't mean you have to get tough.

GEORGE
How do you know I haven't gotten you a present?

TINA
(laughs)
I'd faint if I ever got a present from you.

GEORGE
You would, huh?

212 He goes into the bedroom and comes out a moment later with a small Christmas package which he dumps roughly into her lap. Now she is the one who is embarrassed. She stares at him.

GEORGE
Open it.

She takes off the wrappings with clumsy fingers and lifts out a beautiful pale blue chemise printed with pale green butterflies. She is stunned with pleasure.

GEORGE
Well, don't just sit there. Try it on.

TINA
Now? Here?

GEORGE
Now. Here. You suddenly modest?

He stands, arms crossed, watching, while she takes off every stitch of her clothes. Suddenly under his cool critical eye, she is very self-conscious. She slips on the chemise which fits perfectly. She stands, waiting for his opinion.

GEORGE
Just as I thought.

TINA
What?

GEORGE
(gruff)
You don't look at all sexy. Still it's an improvement on that Best and Co. Lady-Lingerie you always wear.

TINA
Oh shut up!

GEORGE
You shut up. And come here.

TINA
No, it's too cold!

He comes towards her with mock ferocity. Laughing, she eludes him and dashes into the bedroom.

213 REFLECTION OF GEORGE IN FULL-LENGTH MIRROR

George is wearing his new blue robe. He looks remarkably handsome as he preens himself.

As we draw back we see that the mirror is on the back of his closet door. Tina is huddled under a blanket in bed, watching him. The window pane is frosty with cold.

GEORGE
Not bad.
(he grins at his reflection)
Not bad at all. I may just keep it. A lot classier than walking around in an old raincoat.

Suddenly the phone begins to ring. Tina is startled. George continues to preen. The phone continues to ring.

TINA
Answer it.

George turns and eyes her. The phone rings on and on.

TINA
Answer it, goddamn it!

214 LIVING ROOM

George smiles, crosses slowly to the living room and picks up the phone.

GEORGE
(into phone)
Hello ... no, taking a shower ... because I felt like it, that's why ...

He has the phone jammed up against his ear.

215 He turns his back to Tina, who lies rigid on the bed.

216

GEORGE
Will you get off that stupid kick, for Christ sake? ... just about to ... no, that's too early ...

217 Tina throws back the covers and gets out of bed. She is shivering from cold and rage.

218 George glances at her as she starts frantically throwing on her clothes.

GEORGE
I told you to knock it off! I'll be there at eight --

Sound of phone slammed down. George stalks into the bedroom.

219 BEDROOM

GEORGE
I thought we had an agreement.

Tina is fastening her skirt.

GEORGE
It was agreed that you have no damn right to be jealous.

Tina is pulling on her sweater.

TINA
(muffled inside
her sweater)
I'm not jealous!

GEORGE
(shouting)
What?

TINA
I'm not jealous. I just feel sick.

GEORGE
Why? You asked for it! You begged for it! You ordered me to answer the phone.

TINA
How come it was plugged in today? Afraid you'd miss that call?

GEORGE
Here comes the big agony scene!

TINA
I'm not even sure you bought that chemise for me!
(her voice breaks)

GEORGE
It fit you, didn't it?

TINA
It could fit any number of -- of broads.

GEORGE
What are you trying to prove? That I'm a rat? A bastard? You know that. In fact, that's what sends you!

TINA
(pulling on her stockings)
Sometimes it sends me. Sometimes it makes me want to throw up.

GEORGE
Everything has its price.

TINA
I know. I'm not sure I can pay it.

GEORGE
Well, can you or can't you? If you can't, get off the pot. You're trying to confuse things as I knew you would. All this jazz with presents. What have presents got to do with you and me? I must be out of my mind!

TINA
Anytime you show signs of being human you think you're out of your mind!

GEORGE
Not human. Sentimental. We happen to have a fantastic sex thing. Sex is sex. A lay is a lay. You want to get laid you come here and get royally laid. Isn't that enough? Why do you have to dress it up with a lot of schmaltz and trimmings? If that's what you want find yourself a nice guilty-type adulterous husband in that select social set you travel in. They're past masters at that sort of crap!

Tina grabs her coat and runs to the door.

TINA
(her hand on the knob)
You don't need a woman. You need a sex machine!

GEORGE
It sure would save one helluva lot of trouble!

Tina goes out and slams the door.

GEORGE
(roaring at the door)
Merry Christmas!

220 KITCHEN

Tina, barefoot, in a terry cloth robe, and without make-up, is opening the back door. She stands aside as five people file in. They are all dressed in black. The tallest is a pale sepulchral man in a Homburg, then two husky blond young men, each carrying a huge hamper, then two older women with flinty faces and tightly-crimped grey hair. They gaze about at the kitchen with the faintly dazed air of deposed nobility.

MAN IN HOMBURG
Madame Balser?

Tina nods.

MAN IN HOMBURG
Beaumont Service, Madame.

He bows slightly from the waist and stares at Tina's bare feet.

Jonathan enters hurriedly in a robe and slippers, his hair still wet from the shower. He smiles and heads for the man in the Homburg with outstretched hand.

JONATHAN
Ah, Monsieur Beaumont! What a pleasure to meet you at last!

MAN IN HOMBURG
(ignoring Jonathan's hand)
I am not Monsieur Beaumont. I am Monsieur Henri.

Jonathan jams his hand in his pocket. The two women and two young men exchange smirks.

JONATHAN
How do you do, Henri. And what time does Monsieur Beaumont arrive?

HENRI
Monsieur Beaumont does not arrive, Monsieur Balser. Please. Is there somewhere my people can change their clothes?

JONATHAN
Doesn't arrive? You mean not come at all? I'm afraid I don't understand!

HENRI
(with a sigh)
Monsieur Beaumont only appears at those parties where -- ah, the necessary arrangements have been made. I am Monsieur Beaumont's head man. I assure you all will be taken care of just as if Monsieur Beaumont himself were here.

Behind him the other four unbutton their coats, shuffle their feet and cough.

JONATHAN
(his voice shaking)
It should have been made clear to me. I wasn't told that one had to make special arrangements to have Monsieur Beaumont appear.
(to Tina)
Will you please show these people where they can change their clothes? I've got to finish dressing --

He bolts from the room.

221 BEDROOM

Jonathan is in his shorts, fitting his cufflinks into his shirt. Tina is in a slip, putting on her stockings.

JONATHAN
(white and strained)
Bloody upsetting --

TINA
Does it really matter?

JONATHAN
Goddamn right it matters. I'm paying enough for Beaumont to come and show his bloody face. He could have told me. If it was a question of more money, I'd have paid it. Gladly.

222 A discreet knock at the door. Tina puts on her robe again and opens it. A blond young man in a starchy white coat is there.

BLOND YOUNG MAN
Excuse me, Madame. There is a gentleman in the hall who claims to be your neighbor. He demands to see either you or Monsieur Balser.

JONATHAN
(to Tina)
You go.

223 HALLWAY

Tina follows the blond young man towards the foyer.

224 FOYER

Mr. Meyer, bald and overweight, wearing an old brown sweater covered with ashes and smoking a huge cigar sees Tina coming and begins to shout.

MR. MEYER
You've got your helluva goddamn nerve! How the hell are me and my wife supposed to get in and out've our front door?

TINA
What's the trouble, Mr. Meyer?

MR. MEYER
(still shouting)
I said you've got a helluva nerve! Putting those lousy coat racks in the hall!

Tina is aware of one of the crimpy ladies in her grey silk uniform gaping at them from the dining room. The starchy blond young man gapes from the living room. Monsieur Henri has poked his head out of the pantry.

TINA
I'm terribly sorry but, you see we're having a big party and --

MR. MEYER
(waving his cigar, the ash drifting to the rug)
I don't care if you're having the Last Supper! Those racks are blocking our door! How the hell are our friends supposed to get into our house?

TINA
(very sweetly)
Remember your daughter's engagement party last year? You had coat racks out in the hall blocking our door --

MR. MEYER
Two wrongs don't make a right!

TINA
(still sweetly)
You also had a rock group that played until three o'clock in the morning. Remember that, Mr. Meyer -- ?

MR. MEYER

Sure I remember that! That group cost me four hundred dollars and now my daughter wants a divorce!

TINA

Oh dear --

MR. MEYER

A square daughter, that's the kinda daughter I got! Wouldn't go to bed with the guy unless they got married!

TINA

I'm terribly sorry Mr. Meyer.

MR. MEYER

(opens his mouth. He shuts it, then opens it again)

I tell you something, I wouldna come over to make this fuss if it hadn'ta been for that husband of yours. If that husband a yours hadn't rung my bell last week and ast me -- no, told me, to get a new doormat --

(he points)

That doormat cost me seven dollars and ninety-five cents! Then he told me to take in my umbrella stand --

(he points)

That is an *imported* umbrella stand! That husband a yours said my umbrella stand is an eyesore! That's the word he used! *Eyesore!* I mean he's got his goddamn nerve! Just who does that husband a yours think he is?

Mr. Meyer turns on his heel and leaves, slamming the door behind him.

225 LIVING ROOM

The windows are swathed with greens. Various handsome and Christmasy arrangements of flowers about the room. Fire burning in the fireplace. Tina and Jonathan are dressed and ready.

225 CONTD

We can see that a bar has been set up in the dining room and one of Beaumont's blond young men is mixing a drink.

Jonathan is fooling around with a small sculpture on a pedestal, twisting and turning it so that the tiny spotlight which is directed on it hits it in just the right way.

Tina is sitting on the couch. She looks trapped and tense in spite of her very attractive evening pajamas.

She nervously straightens the things on the coffee table. She lifts the Steuben ashtray. Under it we see the peephole in the Newgate Prison door which is the top of the coffee table.

TINA (VO)
(flicking the peephole
open)
Abandon hope all ye who enter here.

The blond young man brings her a Vodka on a tray. She takes it and gulps a long swallow.

JONATHAN
Can't you wait till the party
begins?

TINA
(toasting him with
her glass)
The party has begun!

At this moment Sylvie and Liz burst into the room. They are in pajamas. Sylvie is red faced and angry. Liz is crying.

226

TINA
(puts her arms around
Liz)
Oh honeybunch! What's the matter?

Liz sobs.

SYLVIE
We went into the pantry and
there were platters of canapes
and we were going to take one
a piece and that tall man told
us if we touched anything he'd
lock us in our room --

TINA
(furious)
I'd just better straighten him out---

She starts for the door.

JONATHAN
(shouts)
Tina! Don't you go out there! Monsieur Henri is right!
(to Liz)
Stop that blubbering!
(to both the girls)
There people are professionals. There people are perfectionists! If Monsieur Henri doesn't want you two girls under his feet spoiling all their hard work then you listen to him --

SYLVIE
Can't we have one canape?

JONATHAN
That's up to Monsieur Henri.

TINA
Why is it up to Monsieur Henri?

During the following the children are all solemn attention to their quarreling parents.

JONATHAN
Because he's in charge here.

TINA
He's in charge here? This is our party!

JONATHAN
My party! You haven't lifted one finger for this party!

TINA
Monsieur Henri is an employee in this house. If I want him to serve canapes to Lulu, that's who he's going to serve canapes to!

JONATHAN
(faking a laugh)
Your mother's very funny, isn't she girls?

The girls giggle although they're not sure at what.

JONATHAN
(tipping them off)
You heard her. Your mother wants to have a poodle party instead of a people party!

SYLVIE
(delighted)
Oh mudther! A poodle party!

LIZ
A poodle party!

The girls burst into loud laughter.

TINA
(in a low voice to Jonathan)
You lousy bastard --

The girls stop laughing abruptly. They stare at their father.

We hear the faint sound of the doorbell ringing although Tina and Jonathan do not. During the following there are subdued sounds of people entering the foyer to which they are also impervious.

JONATHAN
(angrily, to the girls)
All right now, you two go watch television. Go on now, hurry up!

Large-eyed, the girls leave.

227

JONATHAN
(furious)
You don't care what you say in front of them, do you?

TINA
Making my own daughters laugh at me!

JONATHAN
As usual you've got everything twisted!

TINA
(bitter)
You let them see that you find me ridiculous! You encourage them to find me ridiculous -- just what have I got twisted?

The Barrs have appeared in the doorway to the living room, unseen by Tina and Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Why do you have to overreact to everything?

TINA
What have I got twisted?

PETER BARR
(all jovial smiles)
What's she got twisted, old boy?

Totally surprised Jonathan and Tina turn. Their angry expressions change immediately into ones of warm welcoming pleasure as they go forward to embrace the Barrs. Other people are entering through the foyer.

228 DINING ROOM

The party is in full swing in all the rooms. Lots of party noise, smoke, movement, loud voices, drinking etc.

A well dressed homosexual of sixty-odd is mooning around the blond bartender. Finally the older man consults the bartender about something. When the bartender nods, the older man scribbles something on a card and hands it across the bar. The bartender puts the card into his pocket. The older man takes a quick look around to see if he has been observed, then picks up his drink and strolls jauntily off.

229 LIVING ROOM

As the camera pans around we observe bits of behavior that can happen at a large New York party where most of the guests barely know the host and hostess or having been brought along by an invited guest, don't know them at all. There are several people present

229 CONTD

who have a total disregard for their host's possessions: wet glasses are put down on table tops, a canape drops between the cushions of the couch and is allowed to stay there, a man drops his cigarette to the rug and deliberately grinds it out with his heel, etc.

230 The sculpture which Jonathan so carefully arranged for the lighting has been pushed to the edge of the pedestal to make room for several abandoned whiskey glasses. A cocktail napkin is draped over part of it.

231 DEN

A small bar has been set up in here to supplement the large one in the dining room. Several people around it. Another large group in one corner.

Tina is standing with her back against the bookcase. Asher stands with his front pressing up against her. His arms are outstretched, a hand resting on either side of her head against the bookcase. He is quite plastered. His usually handsome face sagging.

ASHER
(leering down the
front of Tina's dress)
Just as I thought, Bettina, just as
I thought!

TINA
(shrinking back as
far as possible)
What's just as you thought?

ASHER
You may fool a lot of people with
that shy and quiet put-on of yours
-- but not old Ellie-O!
(he sways towards her)
I'm willing to bet you're a regular
little _mad_ woman in the sack!

Tina looks at him, her brow wrinkling slightly.

232 CU - SLOPPY MALE LIPS WHISPERING INTO THE PHONE

233 DEN- ANOTHER ANGLE

TINA
Do you, by any chance, like to
talk on the phone, old Ellie-O?

ASHER
Whah?

TINA
I said, do you like to talk on the phone?

ASHER
(a shade paler)
Whah kinda stupid question is that?

TINA
I've drawn a bead on you, haven't I, old Mr. Telephone Pervert?

Flashing him a radiant smile, Tina slips down under his arm and crosses into the living room.

234 LIVING ROOM

From Tina's POV we see Jonathan hovering over Margo, smiling his most intense and charming smile.

235 ANOTHER ANGLE

A thin handsome man with a mustache is standing near the coffee table. He sips his drink. His eyes dart around the room. Suddenly he reaches out, snatches the small gold bird from the table and jams it into his pocket. Tina has observed the theft. Her mouth drops open.

236 She seems to be deciding whether or not to take off after the young man when Charlotte Rady comes up to her.

CHARLOTTE
Divine party angel! I see you're using Beaumont's people. You should have called me. I'd have told you about this other new person who's simply marvelous. Everybody in the world's used Beaumont in the last couple of years. Those omelettes of his have had it!

TINA
That's what we're having. Omelettes.

CHARLOTTE
Oh dear, I've said something wrong! I just meant that if you'd called me I could have given you some advice.

237 Across the room Tina sees Pozner hurrying up to Margo and Jonathan. He has her coat and his own over his arm. Jonathan protests. Pozner yanks Margo away by one of her stringbean arms.

CHARLOTTE
I do have some advice for you angel
-- about something else.
(an odd sneaky look
in her eye)
Do you remember in Shakespeare what
Iago said to the Moor? "Look to your
wife, observe her well -- " Only
you must switch the sexes around,
Tina dear.

TINA
Why Charlotte, I didn't know you'd
done the classics. I thought you
got into movies because you were
Manny Gordon's call-girl!

CHARLOTTE
(hissing at her)
Rotten, little bitch!

239 DINING ROOM

The big bar has vanished and been replaced by a long table. The table is covered with bowls of truffles, mushrooms, caviar, sour cream, Westphalian ham. Presiding over several spirit lamps Henri is serving up omelettes to order. There are only half a dozen people in the dining room and only two of them are waiting for omelettes.

240 LIVING ROOM

Still crowded. Jonathan is talking to a gray-haired couple. Tina apologizes and draws him aside.

TINA
Henri's shut down the big bar.

JONATHAN
(miserably)
I know.

TINA
But it's much too early! People
want to drink. They don't even
want to think about food --

JONATHAN
I know.

TINA
Well, stop him. Have him reopen the bar anyway!

JONATHAN
(wretched)
I've already asked him to. He says he has another party to do tonight and if we want food at all it has to be now -- if we don't want it we have to pay for it anyway.

241 DEN

Five people are sitting around having a loud and drunken argument. Three men and two model-type girls.

FIRST MAN
What do you say we all go to Romeo's? I'm starved.

SECOND MAN
At this hour on a Saturday night? We'll never get a table.

FIRST GIRL
Why don't we go to the Russian Tearoom?

242 Tina enters.

TINA
Oh, is the bar shut down here too? I'm terribly sorry --

THIRD MAN
(pulls her down to the couch beside him)
Sit down, honey. You with anyone?

SECOND MAN
We'll never get a table at Elaine's --

FIRST GIRL
I want to go to Elaine's. I think George'll be there --

SECOND GIRL
(to first girl)
How do you know George will be there?

THIRD MAN
Let's go to P.J.'s and have a baconburger.
(takes Tina's hand)
What do you say, honey?

SECOND MAN
I wanna go someplace where we can dance. I wanna dance.

FIRST MAN
Let's go someplace where we can get some chow and then let's go someplace and dance.

SECOND GIRL
(to first girl)
I would just like to know how you know where George is having dinner tonight?

TINA
George who?

FIRST MAN
I want to go to Romeo's. I want some good Wop food.

SECOND MAN
Why don't we have a fast omelette here and then go someplace to dance?

THIRD MAN
(his arm around Tina)
I don't want any crap omelettes, that's why.

SECOND GIRL
(to first girl)
You certainly seem extremely well informed about the whereabouts of George.

TINA
George who?

FIRST MAN
Come on everybody, let's split.

THIRD MAN
(he pulls Tina to
her feet)
Let's go honey, this joint is dead!

243 LIVING ROOM

Thirteen people plus Tina and Jonathan are sitting around somberly eating omelettes and conversing in low voices. The waitresses are passing coffee. There is a distinct pall over the room.

244 LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Immaculate as if no one at all had been in the room that evening.

Tina is sitting at one end of the couch sipping brandy. Jonathan is stretched out in a large chair smoking one of his little cigars.

JONATHAN
Beaumont's people certainly left
this place in good shape. You've
got to say that.

TINA
Beaumont's people certainly left
this place in good shape.

JONATHAN
(gives her a suspicious
look)
What I mean is you can't even tell
there's been a party here.

TINA (VO)
Has there been a party here?

JONATHAN
By the way what the hell did you
say to Charlotte Rady? I saw the
two of you talking and the next
thing I knew she was charging out
the front door.

TINA
What makes you think it was anything
to do with me? Maybe she was bored.
Maybe there weren't enough celebrities.
Or maybe she just needed another fix!

JONATHAN
(decides to drop it)
On the whole, I think everything
went very well, don't you?

Slowly Tina inhales the fumes of her brandy.

TINA
How much did it cost?

JONATHAN
(furious)
What difference does it make
how much it cost?

TINA (VO)
Be Still My Heart.

TINA
I bet it cost over a thousand dollars.

JONATHAN
What the hell do you care? You
didn't have to lift a finger!
(he gets up and starts
to pace the room)
He shouldn't have started those
omelettes so early but most people
were damned happy to see those
omelettes.

TINA
At a quarter past nine, there were
only thirteen people here. I counted.

JONATHAN
Oh God I might have known. You
always have to put down everything.
You're not happy unless you're
giving some thing the axe --
(his eyes fall on the
coffee table. He gasps)
Where's my bird? My pre-Columbia
gold bird with the turquoise eyes?

TINA
Stolen.

JONATHAN
Stolen!

TINA
I saw a man put it in his pocket.

JONATHAN
(livid)
Why the bloody hell didn't you
march over and get it back?

TINA
He was one of your celebrities,
Whatshisname, who won the Pulitzer
Prize!

245 CU - SWAYING SHOWER CURTAIN

Behind it the sound of a shower going full blast. We draw back to reveal we are in George's bathroom.

246 BATHROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

George steps out of the shower, grabs a towel and starts drying himself vigorously. The shower is turned off. Tina steps out. He tosses her a towel. She dries herself slowly. She looks depressed.

GEORGE
You've got a pimple on your ass.

TINA
I know.

GEORGE
You're getting too damned skinny.
(jabs her with his
finger)
I can see your ribs.

TINA
Please don't pick on me, George.

GEORGE
What's the matter? You look like
the Anatomy of Melancholy.

TINA
I don't know.
(then impulsively)
It's -- it's the way you acted
when I walked in today --

GEORGE
How did I act?

246 CONTD

TINA

So -- so casual. As if it hasn't been almost three weeks since you've seen me.

GEORGE

What'd you expect? Crescendo violins?

Suddenly Tina's eyes brim with tears. They roll down her cheeks.

GEORGE

(quietly)

What the hell are you crying about?

TINA

(sobs)

Maybe it's because I suddenly realized you never want to know a damn thing about my life, you don't even know the names of my children, you don't give a damn about anything that happens to me --

George eyes her coolly as he wraps a towel around his waist.

GEORGE

Turn off the waterworks, will you?

He walks out of the bathroom.

247 BATHROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Tina picks up a towel and dries the wet ends of her hair. She crosses to the mirror over the basin and peers at her wan reflection. On the basin is a clutter of shaving things and a crumpled squeezed-out tube of toothpaste. She opens the medicine cabinet, picks up George's comb and combs her hair.

She is about to wrap a large towel around herself when she notices his blue robe hanging on the back of the door. She lifts it off the hook and puts it on, doubling it around her and tying the belt. She snuggles into the robe and jams her hands in the pockets.

She takes out one hand and looks down at her open palm. On it is lying a green velvet hair bow fastened to a barret. Expressionless, she contemplates it.

247 CONTD

GEORGE (OS)
(outside the door)
Hurry up, baby. I don't mean to be -- ah -- brusque -- but you can't stay long today.

TINA
(drops the velvet bow back into the pocket)
I'm not _planning_ to stay long.

248 BEDROOM

Tina comes out of the bathroom. George, dressed now in slacks and a shirt, is sitting on the edge of the bed. He hands Tina her glass. They drink in silence for a moment. George eyes Tina. She is staring down into her glass. He seems about to say something. Changes his mind and lights a cigarette.

GEORGE
(finally)
Listen baby, one of the reasons I let you come here today --

TINA (VO)
Let me come here!

GEORGE
-- was because I wanted to say in person what I had to say. You'd have gotten it all wrong if I said it on the phone. I've decided we ought to cool this for a while --

TINA (VO)
(not looking up)
He's tired of me.

GEORGE
It's not because I'm tired of you. It's because I'm _tired_. I had three hours sleep last night. I've been working like a sonofabitch day _and_ night. When I work, I work like a maniac. The point is I can't work like that and do other things --
(he laughs)
Contrary to what I like to think, I'm not superman.

TINA
What do you mean by "cool this"?

GEORGE
Well, let things ride for a while -- a few weeks. Then when things let up, I'll call you.

TINA
When what things let up?

GEORGE
I don't ask you to account to me.

TINA
Is it something you're writing?

George smiles.

TINA
Please tell me. Did you start it over Christmas?

Same frosty smile from George.

TINA
(her voice shaking)
I know you don't talk about your work but you can tell me that much, can't you?
(suddenly)
Or is it screwing around with another broad that's got you so goddamn puking tired?

She snatches her hand out of the pocket of the robe and flings the velvet bow in his face.

GEORGE
Whammy! Now we've got a full-dress tantrum going on!

TINA
I despise you! I hate your lousy guts!

GEORGE
Oh boy, the works!

TINA
I can't bear to think any part of you ever touched me!

GEORGE
That's not what you were whimpering
a half hour ago!

TINA
You rotten, stinking, sadistic son
of a bitch!

GEORGE
In case you don't know it baby,
that's exactly what you _dig_! That's
what gives you a charge! That's
what makes the sex so fantastic!
Damn right, I'm a sadist and you're
the perfect _Willing Victim_!

She springs at him and hits him with all her strength letting her nails rake down his cheek. He gasps. Then he swings and wallops her across the face, first on one cheek, then on the other, hard enough to knock her to the floor.

249 He bends over her and puffs a laugh into her face.

GEORGE
Poor little housewife! Can't take
it straight can you? Want it all
mixed up with hearts and flowers
and lyrics by Hammerstein! I warned
you! I called it didn't I? Now
you listen to me -- there've always
been other broads and there always
will be. Broads and broads and
broads! What the hell has that
got to do with _you_, Mrs. America?

250 Tina's nose is bleeding. She staggers to her feet.

TINA
(hoarsely)
You're sick! _Sick_! You have to put
on that big virile act because you're
really a fag like all Don Juans!

George scoops up Tina's clothes. He opens the door and throws them into the hall. He grabs her and flings her out after them. She falls against the wall.

GEORGE
(livid, his eyes boiling)
Girl, you get dressed and get out
of here in one minute flat or
you're going to be a basket case!
(he slams the door)

251 KITCHEN

Lottie is at the ironing board. Sylvie and Liz in their school uniforms are rummaging in the grocery closet.

Tina enters with Lulu. She is wearing a spring suit, her hair is wind-blown and she carries a bag of groceries and a couple of dozen yellow daffodils, their stems wrapped in green tissue.

LOTTIE
A Mr. Prager called while you were downstairs, Mrs. Balser --

SYLVIE
(interrupting)
Didn't you buy any Oreos, Mudther? I don't see any Oreos. Did you forget to order Oreos again?

LOTTIE
He says you should call him right back --

TINA
(unleashing Lulu)
The Oreos are on the second shelf behind the box of Minit Rice --

LOTTIE
I wrote the number on the pad in your room.

TINA
Thank you, Lottie.

She slips out of her coat and crosses to the refrigerator for a container of milk.

LIZ
Mudther, can we put our milk and cookies on a tray and have them in front of TV?

Tina is pouring the milk. Her hand trembles so that it sloshes over the edge of the glasses.

TINA
Not today. When you're finished we're going to walk over to Broadway and buy you some new rain boots.

LIZ
(crosses to the table,
groaning)
Why rain boots?

TINA
(mops up split milk)
Because your old ones are too
small --

SYLVIE
(plopping herself at
the table)
Why do we have to *walk*?

TINA
There's Spring in the air -- it
will do you good.

SYLVIE
(sassy)
Since when does New York air do
anybody any good?

TINA
(controlling herself)
Don't start being fresh, Sylvie.
Eat up those cookies and drink
your milk!

SYLVIE
All right, *all right*! Don't get so
bloody *excited*, for God's sake!

Tina crosses to the table and slaps her so hard that cookie pieces fly from her mouth. Sylvie scrambles to her feet and swallows convulsively.

SYLVIE
(shouting)
I hate you! *I hate you*!

She runs from the kitchen. Lottie looks shocked. Liz licks her lips, clearly terrified.

TINA
(to Liz)
Drink up your milk and we'll go.

LIZ
I don't *want* to go! I don't *want*
any boots. I don't want *anything*
from you!

251 CONTD (2)

She hurls herself across the room and flings her arms around Lottie, burying her face in Lottie's chest. Over her head Lottie and Tina stare at each other, both embarrassed.

LOTTIE
Apologize to your mother, Elizabeth.

TINA
It's all right, Lottie.

She leaves the kitchen.

252 GIRLS' BEDROOM

Sylvie is lying on her bed, her face buried in the pillow, her fists clenched. Tina is standing beside the bed. Finally she sits on the edge of it. Sylvie heaves herself violently away.

TINA
Haven't you anything to say?
Not one word of apology?

SYLVIE
(into the pillow)
You don't love me.

TINA
Sylvie! I love you and Liz more than I can say. Whenever we have these scenes it's because you're impossibly fresh and bad-mannered.

Sylvie begins to weep. Tina hands her a Kleenex.

TINA
... and I -- well, sometimes I may seem quick-tempered, but you see I -- I have troubles and -- and --

SYLVIE
Like you and Daddy always having fights? Like his always picking on you?

TINA
(appalled, but lightly)
I don't mean anything like that at all. I just mean -- in a very general way when you're grown up
(MORE)

252 CONTD

TINA (Contd)
things get rather -- complicated
and -- and painful --

SYLVIE
(scornfully)
I know that!

TINA
Well if you know that you must
try to be more sympathetic and
courteous --

She soothes Sylvie's hair.

253 CU - SCRATCH PAD NEXT TO PHONE

On it in Lottie's handwriting is George's name and number. We draw back to find we are in Tina's bedroom.

She is standing beside the night table staring at the scratch pad. Her arms are at her side as if she is afraid to touch it.

TINA (VO)
Help!

Suddenly she tears off the top sheet of paper and crumples it in her fist. She notices that the pressure of the pencil has deeply indented George's name and number on the second sheet. She tears off several pages until the pad is clear again. She rips them all into little bits and drops them into the wastebasket.

254 KITCHEN

Jonathan is sitting huddled at the kitchen table over a drink. He is in his robe and slippers. Outside the window, the sky is black. The kitchen clock says a few minutes after three. Tina enters in her nightgown. At the whoosh of the swinging door, Jonathan jumps.

TINA
What's the matter? Why are you up?

JONATHAN
(his eyes are puffy
and bloodshot)
I'm having some hot milk and
honey. My mother used to give
it to me when I was a kid --
when bad dreams woke me up.

254 CONTD

TINA (VO)
Mother. Bad dreams. Hot milk and honey.

Tina is astonished to see an ashtray full of butts on the table.

TINA
Why can't you sleep, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
I was wondering -- whatever happened to my red suspenders?

TINA
(startled)
What red suspenders?

JONATHAN
I wore them the night we met. Wonder where they are.

TINA
You must have thrown them away a long time ago.

JONATHAN
It was so hot at the Local Democrats Club and I took off my jacket and you dug my red suspenders. Do you remember, Teen?

TINA
(nods. She sits down at the table)
That was such a good speech you made.

JONATHAN
Was it?

TINA
You were witty and charming. And sexy.

JONATHAN
My New-Frontier-type speech. God, how I wanted to go into politics in those days. Remember how fired up we were about what was happening in Washington? We were so young and hopeful. It sounds corny -- but we were idealistic, weren't we Teen?

254 CONTD (2)

She nods.

JONATHAN
I thought someday we'll have kids, and boy! -- are we ever going to hand them a whole new world! I mean it seemed as if we could go out and make a difference, didn't it Teen?

She nods.

JONATHAN
Then suddenly -- it was all over. Just gone. I used to wake up at three o'clock in the morning *crying* because it wasn't there any more. *Scared*.
(he glances at the wall clock)
It's three o'clock in the morning now.

TINA
(gently)
What's wrong, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
You go on back to bed, Teen.

TINA
Please tell me what's wrong.

JONATHAN
I can't.

TINA
Please.

JONATHAN
Just about everything you can think of is wrong.

TINA
Tell me, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Do you really want to know?

She nods.

JONATHAN
The vineyard in France -- it's a total loss. No hope of salvaging a penny.

TINA
What happened?

JONATHAN
I don't know -- some kind of plant disease. Root rot. Every vine is full of it.

TINA
Did you invest a lot of money?

JONATHAN
A lot.

TINA
How much?

JONATHAN
We're cleaned out. I even sold our stock. And I'm in debt.

TINA (VO)
A good scout never panics.

TINA
You'll just have to cut down and live a lot differently. After all, you still have a good income from the firm --

JONATHAN
That's another thing. I'm in trouble at the office. It seems Hoddison has been extremely displeased with me recently. Today I tried for a motion in a suit and lost. He called me down like a bloody office boy. Warned me I'd be out of a job if I didn't get with it.

TINA
Well you can and you will. After you've pulled yourself together from this vineyard thing you can start concentrating on your work again --

255 KITCHEN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Jonathan is hunched down even lower over the table. Tina sees that one of his feet is twitching and jerking. His slipper flies off.

TINA
What else Jonathan?

JONATHAN
I've been having an affair.

TINA
(quietly)
Yes.

256 GEORGE'S BATHROOM

Tina is in the blue robe. She takes her hand out of the pocket and looks at the velvet bow in her palm.

257 KITCHEN

JONATHAN
"Yes?" Did Margo call you? She threatened to. I'll kill her if she did!

TINA
I knew it all along without really knowing --

JONATHAN
I broke it off a few weeks ago. I'm not cut out for all that jazz. All the lies, all those arrangements. And the guilt!
(he gives her a look)
I know I've been neglecting you in -- in the hay and I hate myself for it.

Tina is gazing calmly down at the table top. In the silence the motor of the refrigerator starts up with a whirr.

JONATHAN
Gee, I expected a big scene over this. Tears. Recriminations --

259 GEORGE'S BEDROOM

Tina, her eyes streaming, her face contorted, hitting out at George.

260 KITCHEN

JONATHAN
You're being wonderfully patient and understanding Teen. You're really a fine human being.

TINA (VO)
Why are all these noble qualities being attributed to me? Must I tell him about George?

JONATHAN
(timidly)
Do you want a divorce, Teen?
(she doesn't answer)
Or do you think we can pick up the pieces and maybe work out a better marriage than we've ever had?
(he looks at her anxiously)

261 CU TINA

She is in a room we have never seen before. She is wearing a dress.

TINA
So that's it. That's where it's at.

262 CU TOUGH GUY

Middle aged, going to fat, thick Brooklyn accent. He is the manager of a supermarket.

TOUGH GUY
That's pretty dirty pool! Your old man leveled with you and you didn't open your mouth about your boy friend. You left that poor slob dragging his tail in guilt when you were just as guilty!

263 CU EX MODEL

She is over made up, lots of false eyelashes, tight dress, "ex-model" is a polite term for her.

EX-MODEL
What obligation did she have to make that silly bastard feel better?

264 CU BONEY WOMAN

Classic spinster, glasses on a chain around her neck, out of shape cardigan. Later we shall notice she is wearing space shoes.

BONEY WOMAN

Dr. Siegel, I joined Group with the understanding that I would get help with my very real and terrible life problems --

As she speaks we draw back to reveal the room and the people in it. It is night and we are in an analyst's office. Besides Tina three men and four women are sitting around in an uneven circle. Dr. Siegel is stretched out in a leather chair.

BONEY WOMAN

What I want to know Dr. Siegel is what is *she* doing in Group? She has a husband and a lover *and* an eight room apartment on the park! Why does *she* need help?

The others in the Group are Suburban Matron (typical Westport wife, about forty, very sincere and sweet looking), College Girl (she is a senior at Hunter, wears dirty thrift-shop-type clothes, her long straight hair is unwashed and parted in the middle almost completely hiding her face), Musician (pale, Jewish-looking, intense), Square Man (short haircut, suit with vest, mild manner. He is a cashier in a bank).

Dr. Siegel is a gray haired relaxed looking man. His expression is enigmatic but beneath his half lowered lids his eyes are alert.

266 SQUARE MAN

(to the doctor)

I don't understand her problem --

(with quiet reasonableness to Tina)

Your husband works hard to support you in return for which he wants the house cleaned, the buttons sewn on and a modest amount of sexual intercourse. I mean, what *is* your problem?

267 COLLEGE GIRL

Her problem is irrelevant.

MUSICIAN
(furiously to Tina)

268 You're nothing but a spoiled middle-class bitch like my ex-wife so believe me I know whereof I speak! Go home to your mother and let that poor benighted creature you married have a chance at a meaningful relationship!

EX-MODEL

269 Frankly I've known plenty of bums like George. The way they get their kicks a bloody nose isn't the half of it! What's the alternative? One of the upstanding, uptight, buttoned up solid citizens who only knows how to screw one way? I'll take the bums!

TOUGH GUY

270 You claim you were real happy in the early years before your old man made a pile of dough. Am I supposed to fall for that crap -- money makes misery?

BONEY WOMAN

271 Ha!

COLLEGE GIRL

272 Money is irrelevant.

EX-MODEL

273 Just a minute! Rich people have problems too. Wait till you hear about some of the freaked out millionaires I know!

BONEY WOMAN

274 I'm waiting to hear what she's doing in Group wasting Group's time!

SUBURBAN MATRON

275 That analyst you had ought to be disbarred!
(to the doctor)
What right had he to stop her from painting?

MUSICIAN

276 Why should she paint and deface the world? In his opinion she was without talent.

EX-MODEL

277 He sounds as if he would have stopped Picasso --

SUBURBAN MATRON

278 Not on your life! Picasso is a man! That quack wants to subjugate women, keep them chained to the kitchen stove!

TOUGH GUY

279 Chained to the stove? Her old man was always draggin her to parties!

COLLEGE GIRL

280 Parties are irrelevant.

SUBURBAN MATRON

281 Status seeker! Pretentious peacock!

SQUARE MAN

282 What about those two sweet little girls?

EX-MODEL

283 Be sure your lawyer gets you the dog! If your hubby gets it he'll leave it alone all day. That's not good for poodles --

COLLEGE GIRL

284 Poodles are irrelevant.

TOUGH GUY

285 Who the hell cares about poodles? We got a stinkin' state of affairs here that involves four human persons!

SUBURBAN MATRON

286 (to the Group)

I want to build a kiln in our garage. I want to have clay out there and a potter's wheel out there and make pots. Oh no, my husband tells me, no wife of the Chairman of the Board of Strasberg and Stern is going to make pots. What's wrong with pots, I ask him. If you want pots go out and buy pots he tells me. I don't want to buy pots, I want to make pots!

(to Tina)

My husband is a cannibal, devouring

(MORE)

286 CONTD

SUBURBAN MATRON (Contd)
my life juices just like your husband is devouring your life juices! Leave him! Leave him!

SQUARE MAN
(to Tina)
287 Why don't you go home tonight and make a clean breast of everything? I bet your husband will take you in his arms and forgive you and you'll have the best sexual intercourse you've ever had!

During the following sequence, we roll credits. The argument should get louder and more violent with the participants, gesticulating angrily, rising from their chairs to verbally tangle with each other. Through it all the doctor maintains his Buddha-like expression. Tina's head wags back and forth from one speaker to the other.

SUBURBAN MATRON
288 Forgive her for what? You must be crazy! You are one crazy man!

SQUARE MAN
289 Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me!

EX-MODEL
290 Get a good lawyer, get a good settlement and get a divorce!

BONEY WOMAN
291 Stay with him and count your blessings!

MUSICIAN
292 Do good! Divorce him!

TOUGH GUY
293 Aw shit! Split!

EX-MODEL
294 But get a good lawyer!

The credits are over. The college girl leans towards the suburban matron. She pushes her hair aside. She is smiling gently.

COLLEGE GIRL
(warmly)
205 Hey, you know what? You ought to go ahead and make those pots!

206 CU TINA

CUT TO:

BLACK.